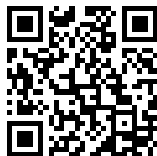


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SONGS  
OF THE  
COUNTRY-SIDE  
DONÂHOE

1, Poetry, American

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Compliments of

Mr. D. J. Donahoe

NB1



# SONGS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE

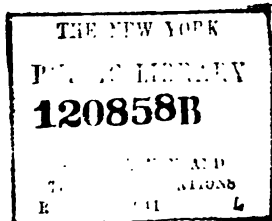
BY

DANIEL JOSEPH DONAHOE

AUTHOR OF "IDYLS OF ISRAEL," "A TENT BY THE LAKE,"  
"THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS," "EARLY  
CHRISTIAN HYMNS," ETC., ETC.

R

THE DONAHOE PUBLISHING CO.,  
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.



**AMONG THE DREAMERS.**

A maiden in the valley  
Stoops down to pluck a flower ;  
It cheers her with its fragrance  
Though fading in an hour.

So I among the dreamers  
Sing out my simple lay ;  
It soothes me with the music,  
Though dying with the day.

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By DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

## DEDICATION

TO THE

HON. E. KENT HUBBARD, JR.,

ARAWANA,

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Among thy fields, dear friend, and through thy groves  
Since boyhood-tide my steps have fondly strayed ;  
At morn and noon and eve have I essayed  
To sing their beauties ; where the quiet droves  
Graze on the hillside, and the school boy roves  
In careless sport o'er sunny bank or glade,  
There many a rhyme my vagrant muse has made,  
Near winding Arawana's silver coves.

And as the husbandman in harvest time  
Gathers in golden sheaves the ripened grain .  
Against the coming winter ; so do I  
Glean unto thee a sheaf of random rhyme,  
Voices of dreaming hours and strivings vain,  
But fraught with living hopes that cannot die.

Structure Bldg Shop 14 10/10/94



**LIFE.**

The flowers spring, the birds sing,  
All nature smiles to see;—  
The flowers die, the birds fly,  
And nature weeps with me.

The gold locks grow silver,  
The ruddy cheeks grow sear;  
A mad day, a sad day,  
The life of man and year.

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## ALONG THE ARAWANA.

### I. MY NATIVE VALE.

There is a beauty in my native vale  
Outshining other charms; more green the grass,  
More weird across the hills the shadows pass  
From flying clouds; the dews here never fail;  
With rosy showers, the summer dawn to hail,  
Sprinkling the lawn with jewels that outclass  
The glories of the Orient; in the glass  
Of memory these beauties never pale.  
And soothing are the scenes unto my soul,  
Sweet Arawana, while beside thy stream  
I walk, recalling early hours, that shine  
Like a saint's halo. And the fiery coal  
Of memory then purges every scheme  
Of darkness; and I move in light divine.

### II. THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

Fair Arawana, by thy silver stream  
A thousand times since boyhood have I roved;  
Thy groves and fields and meadows I have loved,  
From morning dawn till evening's roscate beam;  
Thy charms have been the frame of many a dream  
That pleased my weariness, when far removed  
By toil or care from thy sweet banks, and proved  
Full oft in hours of darkness a bright gleam.  
In all my years no grief has come to me  
But some relief thy pleasant scenes could bring,  
Though ever changing, evermore the same;  
Now in the slanting sun, I look on thee  
And hear thy falling waters murmuring  
As in the morn, the music of thy name.



## III. MEMORIES OF OLD.

On thy green banks, in childhood innocence,  
Sweet river, I have sported many an hour;  
Bathed in the waters, where thy vines embower  
A placid pool, with shadows cool and dense;  
Free as a bird from care's impertinence  
I've sought thy beauties after summer shower,  
And from thy fields plucked many a fragrant flower  
Whose odors, like my youth, have fled hence.  
Like tears these sacred memories come to me,  
While now at eventide beside thy wave  
I linger, moving through the deepening gloom.  
They bear no sorrows hither; for I see  
Dear faces in my dreaming; though the grave  
Long, long ago has closed upon their bloom.

## IV. YOUTHFUL RESOLUTION.

Ere first the flame of love began to burn  
In my young bosom, and the fiery blood  
Coursed through my veins, a swift and perilous flood;  
Before my heart began to long and yearn  
For sweeter comradeship, oft did I turn  
To thy calm wave, and by thy water stood  
Dreaming of greatness; and the true, the good,  
The noble, with stout will, resolved to learn.  
Sweet Arawana, all the silent past  
Comes as if mirrored from thy quiet tide,  
Shaping again the hopes of that far time.  
Vain were the hopes; but long the dream shall last;  
And though my steps have wandered far and wide,  
The path was lighted by that will sublime.

## V. LOVE'S FIRST RHYME.

When boyish bashfulness had passed away,  
And love had made me subject to his throes;  
When the first smarts of passion seemed like woes  
Too cruel for the soul to bear their sway,



Fair Arawana, then both night and day,  
I sought thy sweet retreats, and murmuring, chose  
Fond words and fit, till tender songs arose  
That even now are unto grief a stay.  
And while along thy banks, dear stream, I broke  
The silence with the sound of love's first rhyme,  
New glories were unfolded o'er the place;  
The trees that shade thy banks, from the stout oak  
And pine to the lithe willow, sighed in time  
To my soft musings, and imparted grace.

## VI. THE SYMPATHY OF NATURE.

I've seen the stars look down with sorrowing eyes  
On my lorn soul; for when the breeze that sighed  
Till sunset had grown silent, and the wide  
Hollow was filled with shadows, while the skies  
Clasped the cold mountain, where the pines arise  
Out of the valley; then have I descried  
The stars agaze from heaven, as if they tried  
To catch the murmur of our wailing cries.  
Alone in the bleak night I've walked, my heart  
Bowed to the cruel wounds that death had dealt  
By severing the dearest of earth's ties,—  
Alone and overcome by grievous smart;  
Then long in prayer upon the sod I knelt,  
And saw the stars look down with sorrowing eyes.

## VII. HOPE IN NATURE.

At midnight when by clouds of gloom oppressed  
I walked as if bewildered, and despair  
Shed a black shadow on my way, where'er  
I turned, and neither comfort found nor rest  
To ease the fearful woes that wrung my breast,  
Through death's assault and want's; fair streamlet,  
where  
Young flowers adorned thy banks, I came, and there  
Grasped the first hope that gave my life new zest.



For over me the stars in silence moved,  
With the white moon, and out of the far skies  
I saw their glory imaged in thy stream.  
"So in my soul," I cried, "the lost and loved  
Shall smile forevermore. Love never dies."  
The gloom of anguish vanished in the dream.

#### VIII. THE JOY OF SONG.

Oh, many a time, when from her window high,  
Through silver draperies gazed the tender moon,  
Blessing the midnight with her presence boon,  
Each field and fell and grove to glorify,  
Fair Arawana, where thy wave rolls by  
Through pebbly channels, singing as to croon  
A lullaby, I've brought my cares, and soon  
Felt my dark soul grow luminous as the sky.  
And like the silver clouds, the breezes bore  
Across the moon's white face, so unto me  
Came floating o'er my spirit many a dream;  
And giving each a wing of song to soar,  
Laden with love or grief, I set them free,  
And joyed to hear their echoes by thy stream.

#### IX. THE SOUL'S GLAD ANSWERING.

There is a sweetness in the morn more sweet  
Than that which morning bringeth. In the Spring  
There is a joy more rare in everything,  
Above, about, and underneath our feet,  
Than cometh from the scenes and sounds that greet  
Our senses. 'Tis the soul's glad answering  
That thrills the heart, and makes it dance and sing,  
Till heaven seems to live in every beat.  
For in the bosom burns a living fire,  
Kindled of God from everlasting love,  
That warms the soul to dreams of holy things.  
Thence beauty hath her birth, and soft desire,  
And poetry, that, like a snow-white dove,  
Sits in the pleasant light and preens her wings.

## X. "I LOOK BEFORE AND AFTER."

When thinking of the days of youth, all flown  
    Into the darkening hath-been, comes to me  
    The thought of many an opportunity  
Lost past recall, which makes my spirit moan.  
Alas! my purblind vision not alone  
    The temporal advantage failed to see,  
    But graces of the soul there many be,  
Which but for stupid dulness I might own.  
Then to the darkness of the days unborn  
    I turn mine eyes, and try to penetrate  
    The adamantine barrier; but I meet  
Only thick clouds of gloom. As one forlorn  
    I lift mine eyes to heaven and supplicate  
    Hope from the risen Christ, radiant and sweet.

## XI. THE MUSIC OF THE STARS.

When sorrow bowed me, and the two-fold grief  
    Of need and Sundered heart-strings chilled my day,  
    The Spirit led me, God knows how, away  
To where the mountain hangs, a beetling cliff;  
Thereon I stood, a sole remaining leaf,  
    That trembles to the North when skies are gray;  
    Below, the throb of life and labor lay,  
A world of passionate strife. A moment brief  
Gave visions of a thousand joys and woes,  
    The bloom of spring, and Autumn sedges sere;  
    A variant voice that ravishes and jars;  
A wondrous tide that, strenuous, ebbs and flows  
    O'er shifting sands. Night fell and I could hear  
    The everlasting music of the stars.

## XII. THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY.

When on mine eyes the light of beauty falls,  
    And all the fields, o'er hill and valley shine  
    In setting sunlight, streaming like spilt wine  
Down the steep West; my spirit then recalls

Bright scenes of loveliness, swift intervals  
Of flashing light, dream-memories divine  
Of glories which the seasons saturnine  
Of earth ne'er bore. From heaven's crystal walls  
Such fleeting radiance comes to cheer with hope  
The soul that looks for beauty; and the mind  
That gazes through the infinity of space  
And marks the myriad worlds in the wide scope  
Of God's great presence, feels no toil to find  
Soft rays of love streaming from His mild face.

### XIII. THE ROAD FROM MORNINGTIDE.

Where roll thy waters toward the wider stream,  
Between green banks, that many a blooming thorn  
In fragrance glorifies, and vines adorn  
With bowers that glow in sunset's golden beam,  
I linger 'mid sweet silences, and dream  
Of all the toils and sorrows I have borne  
Along the road that led me from the morn  
To evening's calm, rejoicing that the gleam  
Of love ne'er faded wholly from my way,  
But led me onward with its holy light;  
And though full oft dark clouds above me hung,  
Chilling my soul with fear, the warming ray  
Soon pierced the gloom, and made the valley bright  
With rain-bow radiance, while my heart outsung.

### XIV. THE JOY OF EARTH.

Among the murmuring pines I walk alone,  
Where soar the gentle winds on odorous wing;  
Listening I hear their voices; lo! they sing  
Soft lullabies in tender monotone.  
Deep in the valley, o'er its bed of stone,  
With merry laughter, leaps the woodland spring;  
The squirrel, mad with mirth, is chattering  
Among the treetops. Not a sigh or moan

Is heard through all the forests; not a leaf  
Or flower or plant or dewy blade but seems  
Alive with love and gladness; and I cry:—  
Oh, kind old world, thou hast no room for grief!  
From thy dear bosom evermore outstreams  
A miracle of mirth and melody.

## XV. THE PRESENCE OF THE LIVING GOD.

The morning opens like a lingering smile  
Upon the face of heaven; the eastern wold  
Is crowned a king with crown of ruddiest gold,  
Brought from the sun's red mine; beside the stile  
I stand in wonder, gazing all the while  
O'er hills and valleys wide, where I behold  
Rich blessings multiplied ten thousandfold  
In ripened harvest ranged for many a mile.  
Bowed under mellowing burdens glowing stands  
The orchard, and all purple droop the vines;  
The fields and waysides, bright with goldenrod,  
Rejoice; whilst all the flowers their dewy hands  
Lift up in worship to the love that shines  
From the dear presence of the living God.

## XVI. ABIDING IN HOLY JOY.

The world is bright with beauty; never morn  
Since man first broke the clod his bread to seek,  
Rose with a lovelier glow upon her cheek,  
Or spread a fairer sky her brows to adorn;  
The dew that trembles on each blade and thorn  
Shines a small star; and all the sounds that speak  
From the near meadows, where the cattle sleek  
Are grazing, thrill the soul to joys new born.  
And looking on such loveliness, I feel  
Each globe of dew is a great lamp to guide  
My steps to God; and every sound that sings  
Along the woodside is a solemn peal  
Ringing all thoughts to heaven; whilst I abide  
In holy joy, and muse on holy things.

## XVII. FEARLESS WE BOW TO THEE.

Through changing cycles man shall sound thy praise,  
Spirit of truth and universal love,  
Thou regnant God, all potencies above,  
Soul of creation's form, Ancient of Days,  
Unbounded Strength, that sure through their wide ways  
Guidest the whirling worlds; yet, like a dove,  
Bearest to man those fiery truths, that move  
The nations out of midnight gloom to blaze  
With morning glow. Fearless we bow to Thee,  
Father of Christ, our Brother, Living God,  
Whose sole Son came a sacrifice to earth,  
Gave his pure heart to death on Calvary  
To seal thy love, and make the cloven sod  
The token of our hope and heavenly birth.

## XVIII. THE PRAISING OF THE LORD.

Full oft I strove along the path alone,  
When foes were strong, and friends were far and few;  
Oft the black face of falsehood seemed all true;  
And evil masked upon a kingly throne  
Claiming allegiance; and I walked as one  
Lost in the darkness. From my fainting view  
Hope seemed to fade; my breath in pain I drew  
And eased my heart with many a sigh and moan.  
But when I found my feet upon thy sward,  
Sweet Arawana, where thy matin notes  
Warbled of heaven to my infant breast,  
I felt again the presence of the Lord;  
I heard his praises from a thousand throats,  
In field and grove, and my glad soul found rest.

## XIX. UNCHANGING LOVE.

Now in the low sun all the valley shines,  
With its broad meadows stretching far away,  
Robed in autumnal glory, and the day  
In holy calm above the hills declines;

The breeze that stirs among the crimson vines  
Whispers of coming winter and decay,  
But with no sound of grief; a heavenly ray  
Kindles my soul with dreams of holier shrines.  
I look upon my labors overpassed,  
The dangers of the day, the hopes, the fears,  
The trials and the triumphs; and I see  
Life glorified with love that shall outlast  
The change of seasons and the flight of years;  
These thoughts, like angels, minister to me.

#### XX. GLORY AND HOPE.

The shadows darken on the hills; the moon  
Hangs crescent in the rosy sky, and seems  
An angel, wings a-rest, among the beams  
Of Paradisal pastures, where the tune  
Of love, 'mid never-ending hours of June,  
O'erbrims the listening soul with wondrous dreams;  
I stand amid the dusk, and tender gleams  
Of silent splendor bring a heavenly boon.  
My bosom throbs with rapture born of hope,  
And hears, or seems to hear, the choiring stars  
In spherul music prophesying love;  
And then I gaze adown the darkening slope,  
Fair in the shadows, where no evil mars;  
Below is all repose, all light above.

#### XXI. IN THE TWILIGHT.

When dewy morning on the mountain hung,  
And sprinkled radiance o'er the grass and flowers,  
I hurried through the meadow scattering showers,  
With careless feet; or by the brook, where clung,  
Along the edge, white violets, I flung  
Me down upon the bank; and there for hours  
Listened to bird songs in the blossoming bowers,  
And with the birds my heart as lightly sung.  
Lo! now the sun has passed below the west,  
And twilight clouds already change to gray;  
But fear comes not; for from the east the moon

Breaks gorgeously above the mountain's breast;  
Each drop of dew, empearled with the white ray,  
Shines, and my soul sings out a joyful tune.

#### XXII. ON WINGS OF MAJESTY.

The twilight fades; in shadowy robes the night  
Descends with silent step and breathing chill;  
Beauty departs from every vale and hill;  
For darkness dwells on hollow and on height.  
So from my fading years the friendly light  
Passeth away, and leaves me without skill  
To grope amid the gloom; yet no fears thrill  
My soul, for she hath more than eagle flight.  
Rising on wings of majesty, she soars  
Above the sun-set mountains, to behold  
The light and gladness of eternity;  
Angels her comrades are; and she out-pours  
Thanks from a grateful heart, while rays of gold  
Stream from the glorious dawn that comes to me.

#### XXIII. WHEN WINTER COMES.

When Winter comes and these calm hours of gold  
Which ripe September brings, shall only gleam  
Out of the glass of memory—like the dream  
That visiteth the spirit when, all cold,  
The dawn is on the hill-tops, and with bold  
Assault attacks the gloom with many a stream  
Of arrowy radiance—we shall then esteem  
With holier joy the sights we now behold:—  
These yellow fields, rich orchards, burdened vines,  
All breathing ripe and wholesome fragrances,—  
The softened sunlight, and the harvest moon  
Gilding the dusk. Ah! so when life declines  
To barren age, our dawn-dream memories  
Shall show us many a missed but precious boon.

#### XXIV. A JOYFUL EVENING.

Dark rose the morn; the trailing mists all gray  
Rolled from the sea, enrobing vale and hill

In tattered garments; every mountain rill  
Roared in its channel; voiceless every spray;  
Sweet flowerets budded but to fade away  
In early death amidst o'erpowering chill;  
Oh, death seemed welcome to my heart, until  
God shot a beam of light athwart the day.  
Lo, now the clouds break scattering through the sky;  
The mists arise in silver fair and white,  
And odorous roses all their leaves unfold;  
Birds sing among the trees; my heart beats high;  
Illumed with hope I wait the coming night,  
While sets the sun 'mid clouds of splendorous gold.

## XXV. THE SNOW FALL.

Day rose with drowsy eye, but veiled anon  
Her face amid gray shadows, while the air,  
Silent and chill, uplifted with strange care  
The ringing of the church-bell. Every tone  
Was borne across the meadows like a moan;  
Soon broke the clouds upon the hills and fair  
The fields began to glow; for everywhere  
In silent showers the whitening snow was thrown.  
Hour after hour the flakes, like ghosts of bees,  
Descended noiseless through the weeping air  
Upon the flowers, all dead and honeyless.  
The brook in silver cells sang litanies,  
The copse in white cowls bowed as if in prayer,  
And earth rejoiced in sacred quietness.

## XXVI. THE THRONE OF WINTER.

The barren woods are loud; the branches creak  
Above the ice-bound streams through all the night;  
With voice of mirth against the morning light  
No bird of song upsprings; but wild and bleak  
The hills enthrone the Winter, while outshriek  
The raving winds o'er hollow and o'er height;  
The frozen earth, in garments virgin white,  
Lies like a corpse with cold and pallid cheek.



But though so pale, she hath of grief no part ;  
She sleepeth sound, a sleep of hope and ease ;  
The growing light of each returning morn  
Engoldens all her dreams and lifts her heart ;  
For in those dreams the spring's high melodies  
Are ringing, and the sweetest flowers are born.

#### XXVII. THE LIFE OF HOPE.

From pallid skies and cold the feeble beams  
Fall wearily, or strive through vapors gray,  
That seem to lead the light of noon away  
And dapple the dark west with slanting streams.  
No mellow radiance o'er the meadow gleams,  
Nor breezes mild sweet fragrances convey ;  
But biting winds salute the rising day,  
While under robes of snow the wild rose dreams.  
Bare are the fields, and naked stand the trees,  
And murmurs under icy roof each rill,  
While earth cowers voiceless in the freezing blast.  
O, joyless season ! sad are scenes like these ;  
Yet hope lives on ; each sun that fires the hill  
Rides higher and shines fairer than the last.

#### XXVIII. THE SILENCE OF THE YEAR.

Earth sleeps in silence, and a virgin cover  
O'er her cold form pale Winter's hand hath lain ;  
She sleeps till Spring shall call her forth again,  
With music wooing her, a tender lover.  
Now borne on angry gusts the clouds above her  
Soar with black wings ; but safe upon the plain  
As babe on mother's breast, dreaming of rain,  
The folded flowers lie till night is over.  
Ah ! surely spring shall come with glad birds singing  
Among green trees ; the liberated streams  
And flashing waves shall show the year renewed ;  
So from her clay-bound bourn the soul, upwinging,  
Bathes in eternal glories ; and the dreams  
Lift her to holy joy and gratitude.

## THE CYCLE OF THE SEASONS.

### I. BEFORE THE GRAY OF DAWN.

I stood upon the shore before the gray  
Of dawn began to dance upon the wave;  
The moon had fallen to her western grave  
Among the wooded mountains far away;  
Then, lifting up her light with long drawn ray  
Across the ocean, came from out her cave  
The morning star, and all her glory gave  
Above the sea in showers, like dewy spray.  
And I could hear the waters at my feet  
Lisping in gentle whispers on the beach,  
While from the earth arose a tender breeze,  
Bearing a thousand blended odors sweet  
Of earth and sea, that seemed like heavenly speech,  
And filled my soul with dreamful memories.

### II. THE PROMISE OF THE DAY.

While yet the morning star is shining clear  
A ray of glory comes, that suddenly  
Begins to print white dimples on the sea;  
Above the wave the pearly clouds appear;  
And out of all the fields and groves I hear  
The wakened birds choiring their songs of glee;  
And wide-winged gulls, from dusky coverts free,  
Are soaring o'er the waters far and near.  
The ocean trembles to the whitening dawn,  
And every wavelet wears upon its crest  
A silver star, in promise of the day;  
A million gems are scattered o'er the lawn,  
The gates of morning ope, and through the west  
The startled shadows, fleeting, pass away.

## III. DAWN STANDS UPON THE SEA.

The stars have faded in the glow ; the dawn  
Stands on the sea, a purple-vestured priest,  
And strews a thousand roses on the east  
From whence the star-gemmed curtain has been drawn.  
O'er all the waves a voice of joy has gone,  
Hailing the coming of the king whose feast  
The groves proclaim in songs that have not ceased  
Since the first shaft of light o'er ocean shone.  
And lo, the portal of the morn swings wide,  
And out upon the sea a wondrous train  
Of glory streams, a radiance newly won  
From heaven ; a living gladness on the tide  
Sings to the sounding shores that sing again,  
While from his golden chambers comes the sun.

## IV. EARTH SENDS A VOICE OF CHEER.

Earth sends a voice of cheer against the skies,  
And ocean flames to greet the risen sun ;  
The vales where lingered late the darkness dun,  
Brighten their looks, and shout rejoicing cries ;  
The distant hills appear in liveries  
Of golden radiance, as they wait upon  
Their royal lord, whose path all shadows shun,  
Whose living light all dreams of gloom defies.  
And through the fields, bediamonded with dew,  
I walk in joy, while to their pastures go  
The grazing herds, and sheep the hillside seek ;  
The husbandmen with songs their toils renew  
Among the furrows, in the tilth below,  
And all earth's throbbings but of pleasure speak.

## V. THE LIGHT OF LOVE AWAKENS.

Sweet are the odors from the earth that rise  
About me as I walk o'er the young green ;  
Of the dead winter now no sign is seen,  
But living youth and beauty meet the eyes,

And lift their joyance to the warming skies  
From hill to hill ; and every vale between  
Drinks at the sun in ecstasy serene,  
From whose glad presence every shadow flies.  
And in the sacred warmth the light of love  
Awakens and outshines in bubbling song ;  
The thrush is in the valley like a breath  
Of incense wafted from some southland grove ;  
And from the orchard comes the robin's strong  
And martial melody, a voice of faith.

## VI. THE POWER TO BANISH WANT.

Full many a night in winter I have heard  
The icy North drive showers of piercing sleet  
That o'er the unsheltered meadow fiercely beat,  
And shrieked among the russet oaks ; no bird  
Could stand the pelting storm ; nor cattle stirred  
From fending fold or byre adventurous feet ;  
Then of the poor, deprived of house and heat,  
I thought, and begged sweet pity of the Lord.  
But lo, I look to-day across the field,  
And see the warming earth all blossoming,  
With radiant power to banish want away.  
With toil and tending shall the harvest yield  
For all ; but let nor sloth nor greed be king ;  
Let toil and justice join in righteous sway.

## VII. THE LIGHT IS LIFTED UP.

While now the light of day is lifted high  
Above the hills, the toiler 'neath the trees  
Sits at his meager meal, and takes his ease,  
Beside the sparkling brook that babbles by.  
Through the young leaves the tender breezes sigh ;  
The clamorous choirs of morn have made surcease  
Of their wild music ; still sweet melodies  
Out of the shrubberies rise against the sky.

And over all the hills, now void of dew,  
The cattle graze, and sheep and lambs are bleating,  
While little children run about at play  
Gathering sweet flowers of various form and hue ;  
While clouds above are rising and retreating,  
And I in joy behold the perfect day.

#### VIII. DREAMS OF PLEASURE.

Within the dusky dell the fronded fern  
Waves o'er the brink where limpid waters run,  
By tangled tree-tops sheltered from the sun,  
Forever hurrying to the larger burn ;  
And I, from wranglings in the forum turn  
My glad steps to these shades, and walk as one  
New-born into a sweet oblivion,  
Where naught but dreams of pleasure I discern.  
The hum of brown bees feasting near my feet,  
The cheery chirp of crickets in the grass,  
And songs of young birds fluttering in the copse  
Rise on the air, of reveries replete,  
And through the lonely quietudes I pass,  
Free as the breezes in the maple tops.

#### IX. A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Out of the distant meadowlands arise  
The shouts of sunburned husbandmen who wield  
The scythe and rake ; in shady copse concealed  
Children at play send forth their merry cries ;  
Half-way adown the cloudless western skies  
The sun descends o'er hill and lake and field,  
Scorching the gaze, like the portentous shield  
Of Michael at the gate of Paradise.  
Above the woodlands, where the mountains swerve  
From south to east, the clouds in masses dun,  
With whitening tops, low mutterings send forth ;  
While down the valley the broad river's curve  
Lies, a great saber, flashing to the sun,  
Drawn from his mountain sheath in the cold north.

## X. WHY SHOULD THE TOILER FEAR?

When I behold the fields of ripening grain  
    Waving responsive to the passing breeze,  
    The flowers whose sweetness tempt the laboring bees,  
The herds and flocks grazing o'er hill and plain,  
These teeming splendors prophesying gain,  
    And the far town, whose restless industries  
    Hum like the bee hives—from my reveries  
A sharp thought startles me with pang of pain.  
Why, under such large promising, should want,  
    As with a scarring brand, print lines of care  
    Upon the toiler's face? Why should the fear  
Of hunger and the pitiless winter haunt  
    The trembling soul, with need and black despair,  
    While God with riches fills the laboring year?

## XI. THE BRIERS AND BRAMBLES.

Shunning the dusty road I seek the lane  
    Where either side is flanked with tangled vines  
    Clinging to straggling walls that stretch in lines  
Zigzagging o'er a wilderness of plain,  
'Mid briars and brambles. Here I look in vain  
    For toiler's cot. Behind the grove of pines  
    On yonder hill the landlord's home reclines;  
A house where useless pomp and riches reign.  
Greed holds these lands in utter idleness,  
    With neither bleat of lamb nor low of kine,  
    Nor furrowed glebe to make the harvest glow;  
Acres enough a thousand souls to bless,  
    That now in needless poverty decline!  
    Robbed of the power to lift themselves from woe.

## XII. WHERE IS THY JUSTICE, GOD?

I've seen on wintry night upon the street  
    A little child starving for want of bread,  
    His limbs against the weather raw and red,  
Nor clothes to warm, nor shoes to shield his feet

Against the icy rain or driving sleet,  
A waif upon the world, unhoused, unfed,  
Amid a wealth of splendor. My heart bled.  
"Where is Thy justice, God?" I cried, and beat  
My troubled brain to find an answering gleam  
Of light; the more I seek I find the more  
How toilers suffer while the idlers feast.  
Where is thy justice, Heaven? While I dream  
The sun is on the mountain and a roar  
Of thunder answers from the threatening east.

### XIII. LIFT UP YOUR HEAD, O TOILER.

Lift up your head, O toiler, and behold  
The splendor that shall come from hill and plain;  
Here God has blessed you with the power of gain,  
For every acre teems with wealth untold.  
Yours is the land; its latent force unfold;  
It needs but courage; with firm will and brain  
Work your own justice. Surely not in vain  
Your need impels you. Be both just and bold—  
Just to yourself and bold to seek the right;  
Trust in your soul, and lift the giant hand  
Which through the years has fed the greedy maw  
Of wrong. But on your banner be no blight  
Of evil, no dishonor on your brand.  
Rise in your might and build the better law.

### XIV. DREAMS OF A GOLDEN DAY.

Walking these idle fields, I love to dream  
How fairer than the wild rose by the way  
Their bloom might be, should come the golden day  
When the free toiler, saved from the mad stream  
That floods the city streets with strife and scheme,  
Shall till the acres, reaping for his pay  
Plenty and health for wife and child, and lay  
Stores for the hours when age his brow shall seam.

Ah, were there but a hundred cottages  
Built on these bare hills, and inhabited  
By brawny husbandry, whose idle hand  
Now blights, instead of blesses, even with these  
How many souls were saved from want of bread !  
How priceless were such treasures to the land !

#### XV. ON THE LONE HILL-SIDE.

The sunset pours a flood of ruddy wine  
Into the slumbrous valley's golden bowl ;  
Faint from the distant steeple comes the toll  
Of evenchime ; like sentinels in line  
Along the mountain top, hemlock and pine  
Lift their dark spears against the sky, each bole  
Black on the glowing west ; while stars unroll  
The draperies from their faces and outshine.  
I stand on the lone hillside and behold  
The whitening east ope its unclouded skies  
For the full glory of the harvest moon ;  
And lo, across the lake a flame of gold  
Flashes, a blessing to the gazer's eyes ;  
So earth and heaven in beauty are atune.

#### XVI. THE LAVISH HAND OF HARVEST-TIME.

The golden rod and aster at my feet,  
That all day long their loveliness displayed,  
Now house a thousand harpings in the shade,  
Music and song, that rise, as if to greet  
The largess of the year, and sound, with meet  
Rejoicing, earth's great joy ; for she has laid  
Her load of labor down, and like a Maid  
Of Mercy, brings but cheer and blessings sweet.  
And every breeze that stirs the quiet air  
Bears fragrances from orchard and from vine,  
Soothing and soft as in the year's young prime ;  
The redolency of grape, apple, pear,  
And all earth's kindly fruitage, is like wine  
Poured by the lavish hand of harvest time.



## XVII. THE KINDLY TOUCH OF NATURE.

In all the wealth and splendor of the day,  
When shines the perfect fulness of the year,  
No scenes except of mirth and peace appear,  
No dream of winter comes or harsh decay ;  
The woods their robes of deepest green display,  
Save here and there a brilliant flush to cheer  
The gazer's eye ; yet cruel frost is near ;  
No prayer the hurrying wing of time can stay.  
O, soft delusion ! Nature's tender art  
So hides in present bliss the coming woe,  
Tinging the cheek of eld with youth's fair hue ;  
And with her kindly touch she calms the heart,  
Leading as mother leads her infant ; lo !  
Pleasant the paths she guides her nursling through.

## XVIII. HASTENING THROUGH THE DUSK.

While hastening through the dusk I see afar  
The city lights appear, one after one,  
Above the river, where it turns to run  
Eastward ; and there, like many a rosy star,  
Mirrored upon the shimmering wave they are ;  
I leave the wood behind me dark and dun,  
The lonely hillside and the field I shun,  
And seek the highway through the yielding bar.  
Out of the west the golden glow has flown,  
And evening's tender star is shining fair  
Upon the velvet skies ; above the town  
Reigns in full splendor on her lifted throne  
The moon ; and 'mid the radiance, through the air,  
Unseen the moistening dews are sifting down.

## XIX. THE VAGRANT IDLER.

Beneath a spreading hawthorne, where the road  
Rises, a narrow causeway o'er the stream,  
A band of vagrants bask in the white beam ;  
Four burly idlers, who all day have trode

The city streets begging at each abode,  
And now with mutterings low some evil scheme  
Plan to perform, while labor lies adream—  
Agents of ill more noisome than the toad.  
I glance upon the crew and pass them by,  
Well knowing from their jargon, vile, profane,  
The prison walls await them late or soon;  
Yet strong doubt troubles me—I know not why;  
That some great wrong exists is but too plain;  
Else why these wanderers, homeless as the moon?

#### XX. GAUDED LIKE A KING.

High o'er the river on the hillside, where  
Its lofty station widens for the view  
The far horizon, elegantly new,  
Rises the palace of the millionaire.  
Here are smooth lawns and many a quaint parterre,  
A hundred fields posted with warnings due,  
Against the trespasser, and woods where-through  
No loiterer walks, nor dreamer's footsteps dare.  
The idle owner, gauded like a king,  
Comes driving by with plumed equipage,  
The dust in clouds that vex the vagrant's eyes  
Flying behind his heedless hurrying;  
Only his selfish plans his thoughts engage,  
Careless of want and of its wailing cries.

#### XXI. WHERE SAFETY DWELLS.

Homeward beneath the ancient elms I fare,  
That lift their shapely crowns along the way  
On either side; while children at their play  
With merry cries and laughter fill the air,  
A troop of happy spirits void of care;  
Unburdened of the labors of the day,  
The elders come to view the gambols gay,  
And seem in all the joys and sports to share.  
And from each cottage comes the voice of song  
And mellow music, flute and soft guitar  
And violin in mingled harmonies.

And raised in rapture, as I haste along,  
I lift my soul as high as moon and star;—  
Ah, safe the land, were all her homes like these.

**XXII. I TREAD THE CRUSTED SNOW.**

The winter wind is loud among the pines,  
And flings across the moor its weary tune,  
While rises o'er the sea the waning moon,  
That fitful through the drifting rack outshines;  
I tread the crusted snow where late the vines  
Hung o'er the brook in many a fair festoon;  
Ah me! how soon the leafy prime of June  
To barren age and poverty declines.  
Yet lives a glory on the midnight skies,  
And on the sleeping hills enrobed in snow,  
As fair as summer's greenery e'er could boast;  
Thus on the path of eld a splendor lies,  
That driveth from the soul all dream of woe,  
And lights with rays of hope a lonely coast.

**XXIII. THE HOUR IS WEARING LATE.**

The hour is wearing late, and evermore  
The struggling moon is laboring up the sky,  
Where mass on mass of cloud goes hurrying by,  
While rises on the air the solemn roar  
Of ocean surges breaking on the shore,  
Beyond the wooded hills that sleeping lie  
In silent gloom, where, lonely journeying, I  
Behold the glories round me and adore.  
For while, like chilling winds, the memories  
Of earlier hours come breathing o'er the soul,  
And fill the mind with visions of decay,  
Even then, more sweet than murmuring of bees  
In June, comes radiant hope, to conquer dole,  
With living promise of a deathless day.

**XXIV. IF EARTH WERE ALL.**

If earth were all and after earth the dark,  
And these white waves that break against the shore

Should silent be to me forevermore ;  
If still the moon shall shine and I not mark  
Her beauty ; if in spring shall sing the lark,  
And I, a clod, hear no sweet raptures pour ;  
Then why hath hope e'er taught my soul to soar,  
And fired my heart with her enkindling spark ?  
Not of itself doth beauty speak to me,  
But of eternal glory ; when I gaze  
Upon the moving ocean I behold  
The power and splendor of Infinity ;  
And in my being such immortal rays  
Are ever shining as shall ne'er grow old.

#### XXV. THE SPLENDOR OF A DREAM.

Full many a summer evening I have stood  
Upon the sandy beach amid the roar  
Of rolling billows breaking on the shore  
And watched the moon uprising o'er the flood ;  
And while the sea in seeming gratitude,  
Received the silver radiance, lo, she bore  
A trembling image in her soundless core,  
That looked on heaven in silent sisterhood.  
Even as the sea, so seems my soul to me ;  
Out of high heaven the splendor of a dream  
Comes with the light of everlasting love ;  
Though but a trembling image it may be  
Of God's eternal glory, yet the gleam  
A beacon is to heavens of hope above.

#### XXVI. THE STARS OUTSHINE.

Now lie the fallen leaves beneath the snow  
And dead the flowers are in the frozen earth ;  
Out of the naked trees no voice of mirth  
Comes with endearing music, loud or low ;  
But from the north the piercing breezes blow,  
And frost hath bound the world through all its girth ;  
And yet of glory and light there is no dearth ;  
The stars outshine with everlasting glow.

The stars outshine ; and soon in season due  
The northing sun shall bring the waking dream,  
When all the fields again shall rise in bloom ;  
So in my soul the star of hope shines true,  
And in the radiance of the sacred gleam  
I see the glory of life beyond the tomb.

**XXVII. THERE IS NO TURNING BACK.**

The waning moon, still moving through the rack,  
Hath found her highest noon, and now descends  
The western slope ; the slender sapling bends  
To the sharp wind, that down its northern track  
Bore death across the pastures, cold and black ;  
The sheep are huddled in the fold that fends  
The killing airs ; and where my journey ends  
I stand, for lo, there is no turning back.  
O, fainting moon, how like this life of mine  
Thou art, so sinking to the silent west,  
Amid the clouds that fly across thy face !  
My course is downward now, like unto thine ;  
Yet like to thee, no griefs that cloud my breast  
Can quench God's light, the hope of heavenly grace.

**XXVIII. THE PORTAL OF THE DAY.**

Lo, while the moon descends the western slope,  
Breaks from the waking east the whitening dawn ;  
Across the wave a line of light is drawn ;  
The portal of the day begins to ope,  
And glory, streaming through the azure cope,  
Quenches the stars, till every light is gone,  
Except the radiance of the rising morn,  
And in my breast the living light of hope.  
O God, I stand amid the dash and roar  
And watch the daylight rising on the sea,  
While night and all the shadows haste away ;  
And in my soul I hear forevermore  
Thy symbol'd promise, passing sweet to me—  
“After the night of death comes deathless day.”

## LYRICS.

### I LIFT MY SOUL.

The sun has set in the yellow sky,  
The deepening shadows fall,  
The wind sings fierce through the russet oaks,  
Where the gaunt crows hoarsely call.  
The hill sleeps under its robe of snow,  
And the stream, in its icy cave,  
Hath never a voice for the moaning trees;  
'Tis silent as the grave.

The moon awakes in the wooded east,  
Like hope in a woe-worn breast,  
And a silver star with its dreamy light,  
Hangs sweet in the changing west.  
I see the gleam of my cot afar,  
It shines through the sounding wood;  
And I lift my soul as high as heaven  
In love and gratitude.

### LOST.

I sauntered out on a bright May morn,  
When buds were white in the branching thorn;  
I heard a voice from the greening shaw;  
A golden bird on a bough I saw.  
Like the winding notes from a golden horn,  
The song arose and rejoiced the morn.  
My heart beat glad with the birth of love;  
I followed fast over field and grove;  
But ah, the bird he went singing on,  
Till night fell cold, and my hope was gone.

## LIGHT AND LOVE.

With fair skies bending o'er me  
In clear and cloudless blue,  
And moist green earth beneath me,  
Refreshed by shower and dew,  
All day in shade and sunshine  
I lie upon the ground,  
A world of light above me,  
A world of love around.

With songs of mirth and madness  
Fleet birds are passing by;  
The brooklet, full of laughter,  
Is glancing to the sky.  
In heaven there is no darkness,  
On earth there is no woe,—  
A world of light above me,  
A world of love below.

## WITHOUT THEE ALL IS NIGHT.

There is no blue upon the skies,  
Upon the hills no glow,  
Above a sea of darkness rolls,  
A cloud of gloom below.  
The stars from heaven are blotted out,  
The hills are sunk from sight;  
The living glow of earth and sky  
Is robed in darkest night.

But darker than the starless skies,  
Or clouds of night can be,  
The absence of thy cheerful face,  
And pleasant smile from me.  
O Love, without thy presence sweet  
Nor beauty lives nor light;  
With thee, the clouds are fairest gold,  
Without thee all is night.

## LIGHT OF MY LIFE.

The light of thy dear love e'er shines before me  
Morning and night the same;  
Thy angel presence ever hovers o'er me,  
Guarding from sin and shame.  
Light of my life; the world were dark without thee!  
Night and her stars are thine!  
Morn and her cloud-wreaths linger bright about thee,  
And blend thy soul with mine!

A lily thou, whose chalice in the morning  
O'erbrims with shining dew,  
Thy touch the baser clod so proudly scorning,  
Thy gaze on Heaven's blue.  
Flower of my love, my life were death without thee!  
Love's fragrances are thine!  
Morn and her cloud-wreaths cling in joy about thee,  
Blending thy soul with mine!

## MY LOVE IS FAIR AS MORNING.

My love is fair as morning,  
When hills are green in June,  
And all the shady woodlands  
With bird songs are atune.  
Her soul is white and fragrant  
As bloom upon the thorn;  
O, sweet is she as springtime,  
And fair as summer morn.

My love is fair as evening,  
When twilight folds the hill,  
When earth and heaven are sinking  
In slumber soft and still;  
Then tender as the west wind,  
The words that I receive;—  
My love is pure as heaven is,  
And fair as summer eve.



## DREAMING.

When the mist is on the mountain,  
And the sun is on the sea,  
When the birds their dewy matins  
Sing aloud from every tree;  
Then I seek the quiet valley,  
Seek the slopes above the stream,  
Where I love alone to loiter  
In the mazes of a dream.

There the odors of the forest  
Floating soft on every breeze,  
Sweetly mingle with the bird-songs  
And the murmur of the bees;  
And I drink the fragrant music,  
And it seems a draught divine,  
For I feel the soul of beauty  
Softly melting into mine.

And the bird-songs and the odors,  
And the murmur of the bees,  
And the sunshine of the valley,  
And the whisper of the trees,  
From my soul shine out in music,  
As the skies shine from the stream,  
And the vale is all transfigured  
In the love-light of a dream.

## THE BREATH OF WINTER.

Low sinks the yellow sun  
And the day is wearing cool;  
Gone are the lilies white  
From the woodland's azure pool.

Comes like a dream the wind  
Through the boughs above my head;  
Sad showers of faded leaves  
Fall round me dry and dead.

Still lies the woodland pool,  
And so sullen that she gives  
No rippling answer back  
To the falling of the leaves.

Ah me! the hours fly fast,  
And I feel the winter's breath  
Cold on my cheek; and lo!  
Every flower is pale in death.

A WINTER EVENING.

The yellow rays were fading  
From the mountains in the west,  
And all the eastern woodlands  
In purple light were dressed;  
Out of the changing azure  
The winter evening fell,  
And softened with silent shadows  
The face of the naked dell.

The leafless twigs of the elm tree  
Stood black against the sky,  
And framed the golden vistas  
In a tissue of ebony.  
No birds but the jay and the sparrow,  
No flower on the meadows gray,  
No sound but the softened murmur  
Of the torrent far away.

And I thought of the days of summer,  
The flowers and their odors fled,  
The opulent pageant of autumn,  
The light and the glory sped;  
But the thoughts came not with sorrow,  
For so softly the shadows fell  
That they touched into quiet beauty  
The face of the barren dell.

**SHE BRINGS THE SPRINGTIME WITH HER.**

My love's the sweetest floweret  
That grows upon the wold ;  
She brings the springtime with her,  
Though winds are bleak and cold.  
She walks along the meadow  
In beauty and in light;  
'Tis sunshine in her presence,  
And in her absence night.

She's fairer than the moonlight,  
And brighter than the morn ;  
She's tender as the twilight  
When every star is born.  
She speaks and all is gladness,  
She sings and all is love,  
And every bird in silence  
Sits listening in the grove.

O love, when thou art absent  
'Tis winter in my soul ;  
The day is full of darkness,  
The night is full of dole.  
My life were death without thee,  
The very sun were gray ;  
But with thee earth is full of love  
That cannot pass away.

**COLD, COLD, THE WINTER WIND.**

Cold, cold the winter wind  
Breathed above the meadows brown ;  
Then came the tender snow,  
Folding all in silver down.

O, the sun with warming ray  
Soon will shine o'er hill and plain ;  
So shall life from death upspring,  
And the soul be glad again.

**THOU ART A LIGHT.**

O Love, thou art to me a light  
That shines upon my way,  
And guides me through the lonesome night  
Unto a sweeter day.

An angel pure, O Love, thou art ;  
For when I see thy face  
I feel an influence on my heart  
Of sweet and heavenly grace.

No staining thought the soul can soil,  
When thou, my Love, art near,—  
No low desire, no word of guile,  
Nor passion insincere.

O stay with me and be my love,  
My light, my angel pure !  
And I to thee will faithful prove  
While earthly days endure.

**THE GOLDEN REIGN.**

Glory shines upon the hills,  
In the valley plenty dwelleth,  
Music rises from the rills,  
Every brook his gladness telleth.

Autumn holds his golden reign,  
Golden carpets floor the forest,  
Golden hoards of ripened grain  
Gladden where the fields are hoarest.

Rich in blessings goes the year,  
Plain she chants her tender story ;  
“Live thy life in joy and cheer,  
Thus to close in peace and glory.”

## AS WE WERE WALKING.

As we were walking at eventime  
Along the meadows, in May's young prime,  
The robins sang in the apple-bloom,  
And woodland breezes bore soft perfume.  
We knew not then that our holiest hour  
Was pressing by like the apple flower;  
We knew not then that our fairest light  
Was fading fast to the silent night.  
Ah, now we know how the songs were sweet,  
How bright the flowerets beside our feet—  
How sweet the breeze from the woods that came,  
As twilight faded in sunset flame!  
The seasons come and the seasons go,  
We now look over the fields of snow;  
Our days are speeding in sun and shower,  
But nevermore comes the perfect hour.

## DEJECTION.

The snow is on the hill-sides,  
The wind is in the pine;  
Ah, cold descends the night-tide,—  
A bitter night is mine.

The star of eve has fallen  
Behind the western height;  
Around me and above me  
There is no ray of light.

O days of youth and gladness,  
How swiftly are ye sped!  
Ah, light above the hill-tops,  
How soon thy glow is dead!

No moon, no star remaineth,  
No ray of hope to shine;  
The night is black and lonely  
And bitter woe is mine.

**PASSETH AS THE DEW.**

When fields were wet with the dripping dew  
And wind-flowers white in the forest grew,  
I left my couch and I hied away  
To sandy shores where the dawn hung gray.  
The dawn hung gray and the waves rolled white;  
Above the sea broke a wondrous light;  
Above the sea stood an angel fair,  
Her tresses waved in the morning air.

She sang a song in a marvelous tune,  
That filled the world with the joy of June;  
I felt my soul, as I listened there,  
Expand like clouds and dissolve in air.  
But swift the sun, like a ship of flame,  
From out the sea, in his glory came;  
From gaudy day fled the angel bright,  
The music died in the blinding light.

Ah me! ah me! how the dawning flies  
The tender rays of the morning skies!  
Ah me! ah me! how the pleasure goes,  
Like dripping dew from the budding rose!  
A thousand day-breaks I've searched the dawn,  
The vision's dead and its beauty gone;  
I've listened oft and I've listened long,  
But nevermore comes the angel-song.

**MORN IS ON THE HILLS.**

The yellow morn is on the hills,  
The year is in the spring,  
While song of birds and rush of rills  
Make all the valleys ring.

And through the dewy meadows wide  
Where bright the waters flow,  
I walk as in my boyhoodtide,  
Oh, many years ago.

Once more I hear the robins sing,  
The thrush his joys proclaim,  
And Arawana murmuring  
The music of his name.

As bright the flowers, as sweet the lays,  
As fair the heavens glow,  
As in my golden boyhood days,  
So many years ago.

#### WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

When day-light dies and all the stars  
Are rising in the sky,  
I put all cares aside, my love,  
And off to thee I fly;  
For oh, unto the drooping flowers  
No sweeter is the dew,  
Than unto me thy winning smile,  
And thy dear eyes of blue.

I love the grass thou walkest on,  
For when thou passest by  
The blades look up as if they saw  
An angel from the sky.  
And surely thou an angel art,  
For from thy gentle eyes  
The light of heaven shines on me  
Each eve when day-light dies.

#### BETRAYED.

On the rock above the river  
Where the tender mosses are,  
Walter sat and piped full sweetly,  
While the echoes floated far.  
And I came from out of the meadow,  
And I sat me at his feet,  
Saying, "Pipe again, I pray thee;"  
And he piped so soft and sweet.

Oh, we tarried there together,  
Bathing in the sunlight clear;  
One long day of love and pleasure!  
One long day of song and cheer!

To the rock above the river  
Now all tears I come each day,  
My poor babe upon my bosom;  
And my false love far away.

## A MEMORY.

The golden moon of summer  
Was radiant through the trees,  
And fragrant o'er the roses  
Soft came the southern breeze.  
We walked in silent rapture,  
We breathed the perfumed air,  
Our souls were fused together,  
Our hearts were free of care.

Oh, God, how that one evening  
Lives yet within my brain—  
One breathing hour of pleasure  
That ne'er can rise again!  
Her eyes with love-light sparkled,  
Her hand in mine was pressed;  
The soft, low words she uttered  
Came thrilling from her breast.

Alas, her voice is silent!  
Her hand in death is cold!  
For angel wings have borne her  
To heaven's morn of gold.  
And I, in silent sorrow,  
Am left to grieve alone;—  
Yet, oh, her sweet eyes light my soul,  
Her spirit hath not flown.



## DAWN.

I stand in the open valley  
Where, white on blade and thorn,  
Glistens the dew in the moonlight,  
Like a dream of the rising morn.  
Over the wooded hill-tops  
That peer through the gloom of night,  
A star soars up, like an angel,  
Her great wings dripping light.  
A soft breeze out of the mountain  
Where falls the moon, all gold,  
Fondles the flowers in the valley  
That droop in the damp and cold.  
On the sky a flush of crimson,  
On the earth a thrush's song,—  
Oh, the blessed morning cometh,  
Though the world has waited long.

## THE WHITE MOON WANES.

The white moon wanes to its dying,  
The cold wind sweeps the plain,  
I face the blast of midnight  
For ease from sleepless pain.  
I hasten across the valley  
Where the snow robes field and fell,  
And the brook in frozen fetters  
Is bound in the leafless dell.  
And I see the great stars blazing  
O'er the wide expanse of night;  
They fill my heart with longings  
Of wonderful calm delight;  
They wake to fond remembrance  
The thoughts of my glowing youth,  
When my soul's best love was beauty,  
And its dearest hope was truth;

When down through this silent valley  
In the spring-time of the year,  
I came with bounding foot-steps,  
And a heart so free from fear,  
And looked on those stars of heaven,  
So still and bright and fair,  
And felt the ties of kinship  
That bound my spirit there.

Now, after long years of labor,  
Of change and stress and strife,  
I rest in the peace that cometh  
From the dreams of my early life.  
I rest in the peace that cometh  
From the wons of a glowing youth,  
When my soul's best love was beauty,  
And its dearest hope was truth,

"ON WINGS OF SONG."

When birds are brooding on the nest,  
The dusky boughs among,  
My spirit rises up from rest  
And soars on wings of song.

From star to star she takes her flight,  
And lonely as the moon,  
She moves above the clouds of night,  
Her words of love to croon.

O moon, thou white and silent queen,  
How full of holy dreams  
Thy influence to me has been  
Amid the misty beams!

And tender night, thy stillness pours  
A balm o'er woe and wrong;  
Amid thy dewy hours upsoars  
My soul on wings of song.

## SOFT BE THY SLUMBER.

Soft be thy slumber, worn with the day ;  
Angels of mercy bear thee away ;  
Hark to the Saviour calling to thee,  
Tenderly calling, "Come unto me !"  
Weary and worn, thy journey complete,  
Lay all thy burdens down at his feet ;  
Lay down thy burdens, worn with the day ;  
Angels of love shall bear thee away.

Rest, spirit, rest ! the sorrow and care  
Bearing thee down, thy Saviour will share ;  
Rest, spirit, rest ! from trials made free,  
Hark, how he calleth softly to thee :—  
"Come unto me, O weary one, come !"  
Angels of love are bearing thee home !  
Sleep, weary spirit, safe on his breast ;  
Soft be thy slumber, peaceful thy rest.

## THE VIOLET.

It was a modest violet,  
On mossy bank she grew ;  
Her lowly leaves were dripping wet  
With morning's brightest dew ;  
And from her bosom white and fair  
The rising odors filled the air—  
That modest little violet  
So wet with morning dew.

The simple little violet —  
She wept and softly cried ;  
"Ah, why am I so lowly set  
Amid the meadows wide ?  
The rose, she rises like a queen,  
The lily's grace by all is seen ;  
But none shall know the violet  
Or choose her for a bride."

Then through the fields a poet came  
With careless step and eye;  
He thrust aside the rose's flame  
And passed the lily by;  
He stooped and plucked the violet,  
And on his breast the blossom set;  
Too full of joy the violet!  
She drooped to fade and die.

#### A DREAM OF LOVE.

Through the depth of the night and the darkness,  
That drowns the earth, like a sea,  
Through the rush and the roar of the tempest  
A sweet dream comes to me.

It comes like a frightened warbler,  
But it perches at ease on my soul,  
And sings through my lone heart-chambers  
Sweet songs that are free from dole.

My hearth is bleak and lonesome,  
I can hear the tempest beat,  
With its wailing wind that driveth  
Fierce rain and snow and sleet.

But shuddering fear has vanished,  
And a joy that is most serene  
Fills all my brain with visions  
Of valleys and meadows green.

And I see through the dark in the distance—  
How well in my dream I see!—  
A maiden with fair brow musing,  
And her thoughts, they are all for me.

And I know how the sweet maid loveth,  
And I know that her love is mine;  
So the dream fills my lone heart-chambers  
With love and light divine.

**THE FOREST FLOWER.**

A floweret grew in the forest—  
A modest flower and fair,—  
And out of her fragrant bosom  
Came odors sweet and rare.

The brown leaves of the forest  
Were brightened by her bloom,  
And the dusky air around her  
Grew sweet in the soft perfume.

I found the flower in the forest  
When my heart was sunk in woe ;  
The joy of her fragrance thrilled me,  
And the sweetness of her glow.

And, raised to glad rejoicing,  
I sang like a bird of May,  
Till the wood was filled with music,  
And my woes had flown away.

I plucked the flower of the forest,  
And set her in my heart,  
And thence her bloom and fragrance  
Shall never more depart.

**THE NIGHT IS CALM.**

The night is calm and dewy sweet,  
The shadowy hills are fair ;  
Cool as the river at my feet  
The breathing of the air.

Sweet odors from the earth arise  
And fill with balm the night ;  
The moon is breaking on the skies,  
With streams of silver light.

And all is peace below, above,  
In earth and air and sky ;  
A heaven of light, an earth of love,  
A godlike harmony !

**I STAND IN THE STORM ALONE.**

Over the wintry wold,  
Gray with the driving snow,  
Sings the wild wind from the northland cold  
Dirges of death and woe.  
Buried in blind despair  
I stand in the storm alone,  
While night cometh down with shriek and frown  
And the light of my life is flown.  
  
Ah, but the sun and showers,  
Bursting the buds of spring,  
Shall wake the meadows with laughing flowers,  
And birds through the woods shall sing.  
But to my soul sweet joy  
Never shall come again;  
For out of the tomb no life shall bloom,  
Sore sorrow is mine and pain.

**'TIS ALWAYS MAY.**

Now through the leafless winter woods  
The surly tempest blows,  
And o'er the barren meadow lands  
It drives the blinding snows;  
No bird is seen in field or grove,  
No floweret greets the day,  
But still my heart hath all the light  
And song and mirth of May.  
  
Beside me in my sheltered cot  
The darling of my soul  
Sits smiling; in her presence sweet  
Comes never grief or dole.  
So, sun may shine or storm may rave,  
The day be fair or gray,  
With her to light me through the world,  
The year is always May.

## WHEN THOU ART HERE.

A gray mist hangs on the hillside,  
Where all the flowers lie dead;  
The leaves are dank in the woodland,  
Their fragrance all is fled;  
The voiceless breeze through the valley  
Breathes cold as the frost of night,  
But I sing my songs, and the music  
Fills all my soul with light.

For thou art here, my darling,  
Thy radiant face I see;  
And the day, though bleak and cheerless,  
Is sweet as May to me;  
For thou art here, my loved one,  
And I look in thy loving eyes;  
And the heavens, though mist-enshrouded,  
Are soft as the summer skies.

## WHEN THOU ART FAR AWAY.

When morn awakes on the hill-tops  
And all the fields are fair,  
I walk in the dusk of the woodland,  
Where odors are sweet and rare;  
I walk in the lingering shadows,  
And sing my songs alone;  
And though night is gone and the darkness  
There's sorrow in every tone.

The flowers are fair on the uplands,  
The stream flows bright along,  
The air is sweet through the pine-trees,  
The birds are glad with song;  
And flushing the golden hill-tops  
Awakes the joyous day;  
But there's woe in my heart, my darling,  
For thou art far away.

## PARTED.

The night is dark and the winds are wailing,  
The russet oaks and the pines make moan ;  
The maiden leans on the cottage paling—  
Silent and pallid she stands alone.

Her sole sad hope is to greet her lover ;  
She harks to each sound, his foot to hear ;  
But the river beneath and the clouds above her  
Are not so cold as her constant fear.

He came to her bower when the day was breaking  
To sigh at her window a farewell word ;  
But her bitter tongue, to a heart that was aching,  
Gave answer cold and keen as a sword.

Ah! the hard word chills and kills love's daring!  
Like a frightened fawn from her face he sped ;  
Where'er he walked his look despairing  
Showed a frozen heart where love lay dead,

And long alone in the foul night-weather  
Weeping, O maiden, shalt thou abide !  
Parting is easy ; but coming together  
Is hard as fate ; and the world is wide.

## I WALK IN THE DELL ALONE.

She came to me in the morning,  
As fair as the smile of dawn,  
Her eyes as bright as the dewdrops  
That sparkled upon the lawn.  
A whole bright day together  
We loitered along the dell,  
Till low in the west the sun sank,  
And lengthening shadows fell.

All day in the trees and hedges  
The birds sang loud and sweet,  
And bees in the clover murmured  
That blossomed about our feet.



Her voice was clear as the warblings  
Of birds in field and grove,  
And sweet as the bees; low murmur  
Her tender words of love.

But evening came, and its shadows  
Filled all the dell with gloom :  
The songs of the birds were silent,  
The flowers had lost their bloom.  
And hushed is the voice of my loved one,  
The light of her presence flown ;  
And now in sorrow and darkness  
I walk in the dell alone.

## LATE.

The night-long rain is ended,  
The white rack hurrying fast ;  
All shattered flies through the windy skies  
The ghost of the storm o'erpast.

I stand in the reedy valley,  
Where the river shouts and sings ;  
I list to the breeze that shakes the trees  
And whirls the leaves on its wings.

There's a gleam of gold on the hillside,  
On the mountain a purple glow ;  
But the leaves that fly soon fall to die,  
And I feel the touch of woe.

The goldenrod by the wayside,  
The roses by the stream,  
And the laughing light of the asters bright  
Are fled as a fleeting dream.

Late, late the year is wearing,  
Hard winter speedeth fast ;  
God pity the poor who must endure  
The wrath of the bitter blast !

**I KNOW NOT HOW.**

I know not how thy beauty falls  
So softly on my sight ;  
I know not how mine eyes can dwell  
On such a flood of light.  
There's surely magic in the beams,  
And love has toned the ray,  
Else were mine eyes in blindness cast,  
Or turned in pain away.

The light that glorifies thy face  
And lives in thy sweet eyes  
Was never basely born of earth,  
But comes from Paradise.  
From Paradise it comes, my love,  
To lift my heart from woe,  
And warm my soul with purer life  
Within its loving glow.

**THE SORROW OF A WITHERED LOVE.**

The night is dark and dreary  
And constant falls the rain ;  
I sit beside the window,  
And lean against the pane.  
The trees are waving in the wind,—  
The surly autumn blast,—  
The trees are sighing in the wind,  
For summer days are past.

My soul is sad and dreary,  
And woe is in my heart,—  
I think upon the vanished hours,—  
And oh, the tears upstart.  
And like the sad and fretful trees  
Within my life I feel  
The sorrow of a withered love  
That nevermore can heal,

**THERE IS NEITHER DEATH NOR WOE.**

Rain from the tumbling clouds,  
Winds that bluster and beat,  
Rain and breeze in the wailing trees  
And the leaves beneath my feet !

I stand in the pelting storm  
And lift my face to the sky ;  
I feel the hand of death on the land,  
And out of my soul I cry :

“ O winds that bluster and beat,  
O showers of drenching rain,  
Why fling about your arms and shout,  
When the flowers are dead on the plain ?

“ The grass is dead in the dell,  
The leaden lake lies sad ;  
But the wind and rain leap wild o’er the plain,  
And the swollen brook runs mad.”

Then the tumbling clouds cry out :  
“ There is neither death nor woe ;  
The flowers that are strown and the seeds that  
are sown  
To a sweeter life shall grow.”

**ROSES ARE BLOOMING.**

O, roses are blooming  
Where Eleanor dwells,  
A garden perfuming  
The hills and the dells ;  
At dawning or glooming,  
On land or on sea,  
Sweet roses are blooming  
Where’er she may be.

The hues of the blossom  
Her cheeks they imbue,  
The thoughts of her bosom  
Are white as the dew;  
The skies, when day closes,  
Display her dark eyes;  
While odors of roses  
Around her arise.

So mild and so tender  
Is Eleanor seen;  
But oh, in her splendor,  
She walks as a queen;  
At dawning or glooming,  
On land or on sea,  
Sweet roses are blooming  
Where'er she may be.

## THINE.

At morn when trembling dew-drops  
Light up the verdant leas,  
When odors fill the breezes  
That sway the dark pine trees,  
O, meet me where the brooklet  
Flows 'neath the drooping vine;  
I long for thee, my darling;  
My heart's best hopes are thine.

O, meet me in the morning  
What time the wooing dove  
And silver throated wood-thrush  
Sing out their strains of love;  
When bees are in the meadows  
And breezes sway the pine;  
Come then to me, my darling,  
My soul's best thoughts are thine.

## IN THE SHADOWS.

From the dusk of summer sunset,  
With its rose-clouds, withering brown,  
A gentle wind up-waking  
Came breathing softly down.

I walked in the dewy shadows,  
That fell from dark-robed trees,  
And heard the light leaves greeting  
The voice of the passing breeze.

Still 'mid that pleasant murmur  
Of the leaves and breeze at play,  
A shadow of grief came o'er me,  
That would not pass away.

It fell so dark and silent,  
That it filled my soul with fear,  
As the white fog falls on the ocean,  
Or the marsh-mists on the mere.

My soul seemed tossed and straining  
Like a wrecking ship, in sooth,  
In the darkness of life-dreams blighted,  
And the broken hopes of youth.

Then suddenly out of the forests  
The moon rose large and white,  
And shattered the fleeting darkness  
With the shafts of her silver light.

Serene and fair as an angel  
She walked through the cloudless skies,  
And moved in her stainless beauty  
Like Eve in Paradise.

Then lo! in my troubled bosom,  
A fairer moon up-rose,  
Sweet Hope; and her silver radiance  
Dispelled all shadowy woes.

## THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

I walked through the pastures to-day,  
Where the asters and goldenrod grow,  
Till the sun's latest ray, as it faded away,  
Was changed to a soft golden glow.  
And dreams of dead days came to me,  
Sad visions of sorrow and strife,—  
The gloom that oppressed, ere thy presence, had  
blessed  
And filled with its sweetness my life.

When the valleys were folded in dusk,  
And homeward I turned thro' the night,  
I saw the moon rise, moving up thro' the skies,  
With the glory and joy of her light.  
O, sweetly she shone thro' the gloom,  
And smiled in her beauty above!  
Ah, so thro' the dole and the gloom of my soul,  
Shines ever the light of thy love.

## BY THE RIVER.

I am sitting by the river,  
For the day is done,  
And across the silent water  
Shines the rising moon;  
Oh, across the silent water  
Falls the dream-like light;  
But the moon in whitening glory  
Rises o'er the night.  
Oh! my loved one, oh, my lost one,  
Still thy memory's ray  
Falls across the deepening shadows  
Of my life's worn day;  
Still for me thou shin'st an angel,  
Like the whitening moon,  
When I'm sitting by the river,  
And the day is done.

**WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.**

Darling, when the shadows fall  
And the day is done,  
When the crimson veil is drawn  
O'er the sunken sun,  
Through the meadows moist with dew,  
Swift I hie away ;  
All my hours of pleasure come  
With the close of day.

As the perfume from the flowers  
Grows more sweet at night,  
As the dewdrops softer glow  
In the pale moonlight ;  
So the hours of care all passed  
With the sunken sun,  
Joy comes springing to my soul  
When the day is done.

For thy pleasant face I greet  
And thy smile I see,  
When across the dewy fields  
I have come to thee ;  
When I hasten home, my love,  
With the sinking sun,  
All my sweetest pleasures come  
When the day is done.

**A DREAM-SONG.**

Last night in the silvery moonlight  
I walked in the fields alone,  
And heard in the murmuring pine-trees  
The wind's low monotone.

The river that leaped from the mountain  
Ran smiling 'neath the sky,  
And sang, 'mid the green of the meadows,  
A soothing lullaby.

The voice of the breeze above me  
 And the river at my feet  
 Uprose in a tender dream-song,  
 Like music pure and sweet.

Then joy was alive in the valley,  
 And danced o'er the bursting sod ;  
 While high in the azure the moon shone,  
 An argent shield of God.

THE POET'S SONG.

A bard in a lofty turret  
 Sat dreaming night and day,  
 His great heart fired with longing  
 To sing a deathless lay.

He sang of power and glory,  
 Of the pomp and pride of war,  
 Of the hated doom of the vanquished,  
 And the joy of the conqueror.

He sang of love and beauty,  
 Of wealth and careless ease,  
 Of the curse of drudging labor,  
 And the pleasant ways of peace.

But his songs, that soared to heaven,  
 Like the hushed songs of the spheres,  
 Passed over the world unheeded,  
 Too sweet for human ears ;

Till on a day deep sorrow  
 O'ercame the poet's heart,  
 Soul-grief, that pierced his bosom,  
 Sharp-quivering, like a dart,—

He sang in his bitter anguish ;  
 And the world took up the cry,  
 And sings his song of sorrow,  
 As the years go circling by.



## THE WIND.

I am the breath of God ;  
I sing His love and wrath ;  
I bend the mighty trees  
Like reeds upon my path.  
I lash the sea, whose waves  
In giant billows rise ;  
I lift the cloud that flings  
The lightning from the skies.  
I curb my will, and lo !  
The skies serene and clear  
Enfolds the virgin moon,  
While troops of stars appear.  
The whispering trees rejoice,  
The birds awake and sing ;  
The rose soft odor sends,  
Like down, upon my wing.  
I bring the silk to the corn,  
I give the dew to the sod ;  
The world, with its love, is mine,—  
I am the breath of God.

## OUT OF THE GLOOM.

There's not a ray of starlight  
In all the clouded skies ;  
Across the waving woodland  
The moist wind softly sighs ;  
Above the fen the fire-flies  
Are glancing to and fro ;  
And bowed in lonely sorrow  
Amid the gloom I go.  
Oh, sweet the rosy cloudlets  
Above the morning curled,  
And bright the growing sunrise  
Flashed on the waking world ;

The robins in the orchard,  
The thrushes in the grove  
Sang loud in answering music,  
Of beauty, light and love.

All day amid the clover,  
Bees toiled, low-murmuring,  
And swallows flitted over  
The lakes on mirrored wing ;  
Then soft the eve descended  
With gold-empurpled skies,  
And blooms and bird notes blended  
In dreamful harmonies.

And now, though night and sorrow  
Brood dark upon the earth,  
With hope I bide the morrow  
The songful, glad new birth.  
My hand is on the portal,  
I feel the wakening glow  
Of life and bliss immortal,  
Though through the gloom I go.

#### GOD LOVES THE WORLD.

The glow of morning's yellow locks  
Lit all the hills with gold ;  
The pastures welcomed back the flocks  
That hastened from the fold.

A sparrow in a grassy nook  
Was busy with her brood ;  
Beneath an oak beside the brook  
A youth and maiden stood.

On every hand the flowers upsprang ;  
Song fell from every spray ;  
"God loves the world," my heart outsang,  
"And walks the earth to-day."

## MY FLOWER.

As through the summer woods I went,  
The lonely pathways keeping,  
As musing through the woods I went,  
I met a flower of sweetest scent,  
'Mid dappled shadows sleeping ;  
She filled the gloom with soft perfume,  
My flower 'mid shadows sleeping-

O, long I paused to watch the flower,  
Amid the shadows blooming ;  
With ravished soul I gazed an hour,  
Upon that lonely, lovely flower,  
The silent air perfuming ;  
So pure and fair, the passing air  
Rejoiced in the perfuming.

And there I kneeled upon the ground,  
I kneeled with heaving bosom ;  
I softly stirred the earth around,  
And bore her from her native ground,  
That rare and odorous blossom ;  
In all her bloom I brought her home,  
My rare and radiant blossom.

And at my quiet cottage door,  
With sun and showers to greet her,  
I set her fairly as before  
To live and bloom forevermore,  
And still she groweth sweeter,—  
More sweet and rare, my floweret fair,  
With sun and showers to greet her.

## THE ROSE.

As through the flowery fields I went,  
Upon a dewy morning,  
I saw a rose of sweetest scent,

That in her bower blushing bent,  
 The fields with light adorning;  
 No sweeter flower illumed a bower  
 Upon that dewy morning.

I said, "O rose, thou bloom'st for me  
 All in the dewy morning,  
 And I shall pluck thee from the tree;"  
 But soft she said, "Nay, let me be;  
 Take warning, oh, take warning;  
 For bitter smart shall wring the heart  
 That plucks me in the morning."

I said, "I'll wear thee on my heart,  
 O sweetest flower of morning;"  
 I said "I'll wear thee on my heart,  
 O, nevermore from me to part;"  
 And every danger scorning,  
 I plucked the flower,—before an hour  
 She withered in the morning.

IN THE COTTAGE WHERE I DWELL.

In the cottage where I dwell,  
 Peace and pleasure cheer me,  
 For the lips I love so well  
 Smile forever near me;  
 And the voice so sweet and low,  
 Clears all melancholy,  
 Making every thought of woe  
 Seem the merest folly.

When the cares of day are passed,  
 When my toils are over,  
 Happy in my home at last  
 As a bee in clover;  
 Then I sing my happy songs,  
 Full of love and gladness—  
 Sing my light and careless songs  
 With no shade of sadness.

## AFTER THE CLOUDS.

The sullen day was dying  
In a flame o'er the western height,  
And the hollow was filled with shadows  
That fell from the wings of night.  
All day the clouds hung heavy,  
And the wind from the wet northeast  
Moaned down through the wooded valley,  
Now bare of bird and beast.  
The waving pines and hemlocks,  
And the oak trees brown and sear  
Answered the wind in dirges  
For the death of the golden year.  
The river flowed through the valley,  
All silent, cold and gray,  
Till the-sunset crimsoned the mountain  
And died in a flame away.  
Then swift from the vault of heaven  
The clouds were asunder torn,  
The rack was scattered by scourgers  
On the wings of the north wind borne.  
And out of the Orient portals  
Burst forth a flood of light,  
That filled the heavens with glory  
And gladdened the brow of night.  
And the river leaped through the valley  
And laughed o'er the shingly bars,  
As it mirrored back to the heavens  
The glow of the moon and stars.

## NATURE.

All sweet the rosy sunset cloud  
Flushed hill and dale above;  
The birds for joy were singing loud,  
And singing low for love.

In scented robes of pink and white  
 The apple-orchards glowed ;  
 And down the vale, a line of light,  
 The silent river flowed.

And gazing long with ravished eye,  
 I felt, and knew its worth ;  
 Sweet kinship with that burnished sky  
 And all the light of earth.

LIKE A SWEET SONG.

The cool gray shadows of evening  
 Are falling over the dale ;  
 The weird, wild note of the wood-thrush  
 Comes clear across the vale.  
 Oh, sweet the song as it wafts along  
 On the breeze that wakes in the west ;  
 And proud is he in the dusky tree,  
 Where his mate broods on the nest.

And while I list to the warbling,  
 I dream, my darling, of thee ;  
 And sweeter far than the music  
 The dear thought comes to me.  
 'Tis like the song as it wafts along  
 On the breeze that wakes in the west,  
 As, sweet and clear, while it brings me cheer,  
 And drives all woe from my breast.

THE PERFECT MAN.

Put God's white armor on,  
 Against the evil day ;  
 And fill thy soul with holy truth,  
 To light thee on thy way.  
 Be faith thy sword ; thy shield  
 Sweet hope ; thy helmit, love ;  
 Thus shalt thou stand a perfect man  
 Before the throne above.

**THOU'RT MORE THAN LIFE TO ME.**

Time never runneth fleeter  
Than when I walk with thee ;  
And, love, no joy is sweeter  
Than that thou bringest me.

All night I move beside thee  
In visions of delight,  
And in my heart I hide thee  
From morn till dewy night.

Thy looks are in the flowers,  
And all that's sweet and fair ;  
Through long and lonesome hours,  
The stars thy poets are.

The earth and all above thee  
Full of thy praises be ;  
My only love, I love thee,  
Thou'rt more than life to me.

**SWEET TIDINGS.**

The owl in the leafless tree  
Sits back against the moon,  
And stuns the startled ear of night  
With the stroke of his shrilly tune.

The roar of the torrent swells  
From out the rocky glen ;  
It sings of winter dead and gone  
And spring returned again.

There's snow on the cold hill-side,  
There's ice upon the pond ;  
The woods are bare ; like icicles  
Are the frosty stars beyond.

But, oh, in my heart I feel  
The breath of opening spring ;  
The roar and howl of brook and owl  
To the soul sweet tidings bring.

O, DREAMS OF YOUTH.

Oh, dreams of youth, so sweet and calm,  
 Too sweet, alas, to stay,  
 How soothing was your breath of balm !  
 How swift ye sped away !

Where are ye gone? Where tarry now  
 The hours ye made so fair?  
 Ah, woo ye not the wrinkled brow,  
 The thinned and grizzled hair?

Nay, oft beneath the skies I stroll  
 Amid the dews of night,  
 And seem to feel upon my soul  
 The blessings of your light ;

I hear the rustling of your wings,  
 The music of your song,  
 Where falls the stream in murmurings  
 The meadow flowers among.

SOFT ARE THY STEPS.

Soft are thy steps, O evening,  
 When the toils of day are o'er !  
 I walk in the falling shadows  
 And woo thy breath once more.

The rest that comes to my bosom  
 From the toil of the sunny hours,  
 Is sweet with balm and healing,  
 Like rain to the drooping flowers.

For I fly to my simple cottage,  
 And the faces there I find  
 Shine forth with the glow of heaven,  
 And soothe my weary mind.

And though worn and tired, O evening !  
 I breathe a blessing to thee  
 For the cheer of thy dewy whispers,  
 And the love thou bringest me,





## LYRICS.

### A SONG OF LOVE.

I send thee, O my loved one,  
From out the summer grove,  
A song whose words shall bring thee  
The holy vows of love.

Oft in the midnight silence  
Thy spirit comes to me ;  
I feel thy tender presence,  
Though not thy face I see.

I hear thy tongue's low music,  
As soft as hum of bees ;  
Thy motions are like breezes  
When June is in the trees.

Dear love, no sound is sweeter  
Than thy remembered voice,—  
But when thou art beside me  
My very cares rejoice.

### IN SORROW.

Ye meadowlands and pastures fair,  
Ye dusky groves so green,  
Ye banks where Arawana rolls  
His liquid waves between !  
How full of life ye are to-day  
Beneath the summer skies ;  
Ah me ! your beauties only bring  
The tears unto mine eyes.

O, many a morn in joy and light,  
And many an eventide,  
I walked among your holy scenes,  
My darling at my side ;  
But now along the briery lane  
I hold my way alone ;  
The music of the world is turned  
Unto a weary moan.

## LYRICS.



### THE BROOK.

The brook that abides in the valley  
Hath ever a gentle song,—  
As down through grove and meadow  
It murmurs soft along.

It springs from the cleft in the hill-side,  
Where sweet white violets grow,  
And flows among the flowerets  
That gleam like drifts of snow.

When grass and flowers lie withered  
Beneath the winter moon,  
The brook sings through the valley  
The same sweet, silver tune.

The tender moss on its margin  
Is green as in summer time ;  
A gentle dream of spring-tide  
Shines through the frost and rime.

O, laughing brook from the hill-side,  
Still murmuring to the sea,  
Thy song is fraught with musings  
Of time and eternity.

### WHY WEEPEST THOU?

The sky-lark spurned the dusky green,  
And pierced with song the gloom,  
When came, in tears, the Magdalene,  
And found the riven tomb.

Why weepest thou, dear heart, so long?  
Behold the empty grave!  
The Master liveth ; Hope is strong ;  
And Love hath power to save.

Nor youth nor beauty dies ; still sweet  
Rings out the lark's young lay ;  
The dew that flashed from Mary's feet  
Adorns the world to-day.

## LYRICS.

### HARVEST SONG.

A bird flew southward to the sea,  
And as he flew he sang to me  
A song that ever seemed to say,  
Farewell! farewell! I seek to-day,  
Far, far,  
The fields where sunny pleasures are.

I listened to the simple tune;  
The chill of March and warmth of June  
Were in the tones; and suddenly  
Within my soul I heard a cry,  
“Heart, heart!  
How swift thy pleasure turns to smart!”

Around me leaves were falling sear;  
I said, “The harvest time is here;  
The swallow, summer’s guest, is flown;  
So love and hope, alas! are gone,  
Far, far,  
To glooms where grief and moaning are.”

But soon returned the sunny ray,  
Again the bird sang out his lay,  
And chased away both tear and grief;  
“Lo, joy is long, and sorrow brief;  
Sing, sing,  
Hope lives; and love is always spring.”

### I SAW HER IN THE MORNING.

I saw her in the morning  
Her face like morning fair,  
She walked among the roses,  
A wild rose in her hair;  
She sang a tender ditty;  
I sat and listened long—  
The blue bird in the orchard  
Ne’er sang so sweet a song.

I saw her when the shadows  
 Fell long upon the lea ;  
 She stooped among the asters—  
 More fair than they was she.  
 Her gentle voice was silent,  
 Her face was marble pale,  
 And like a blessed angel  
 She moved along the vale.

I saw her in the evening,  
 When twilight's latest ray  
 Fell o'er the snowy hillside—  
 In gentle sleep she lay.  
 Upon her brow the roses,  
 The asters on her breast,  
 And oh, upon her cold, pale face,  
 A smile of peace and rest.

MY GUIDING STAR.

'There's not an hour in all the day  
 But gentle thoughts of thee,  
 Like rays, when showers are passed away,  
 Come sweetly unto me.

And through the long and lonesome night,  
 Beneath the white moon-beams,  
 Thy tender smiles and glances bright  
 Are present in my dreams.

O love, thou art my guiding star  
 O'er life's unresting sea ;  
 O love, thou'rt dearer, sweeter far  
 Than life itself to me.

I care not how the billows rise,  
 Nor how the winds may rave,—  
 Whilst I can see thy loving eyes  
 The wildest storm I'll brave.

**A TENDER DREAM OF LOVE.**

She came to me when morning dew  
Shone trembling o'er the grassy lea;  
And not a rose-bud fairer grew  
In all the briery fields than she.

I hailed her as a holy thing,—  
An angel stooping from the skies,  
My heart rejoiced in love-longing,  
And gazing in her face and eyes.

I gathered blossoms from the tree,  
And brought her lilies from the brooks,  
And all day long she sang to me,  
And soothed me with her tender looks.

But ah! too soon the daylight fled,  
And ah! too soon the darkness fell;  
A blighted flower, her life had sped,  
Frail as the roses in the dell.

And now along the grassy lea  
In silent grief alone I rove,—  
Alone, for life hath brought to me  
Only a tender dream of love.

**A PERFECT DAY.**

The sun is risen from the sea,  
The rain has passed away;  
The sky is clear as purity,—  
It is a perfect day.

There is no dew upon the air,  
No mist upon the hills;  
The valley gleams in verdure rare,  
And sings with all its rills.

Earth leans in heaven's fond embrace,  
And to my ravished ears  
Come songs of love, that leave no place  
For sorrow or for tears.

## SONNETS.

### A LIFE OF LOVE.

#### I.—DAWN.

I love thee when the earliest ray of light  
Dapples the skies above the pallid east ;  
When the chill airs that numb the limbs have ceased,  
And thro' the vales dun shadows take their flight ;  
O, love, like that young ray, thy presence bright  
Hath in my soul the joys of life increased,  
Blessing my dreams with beauty, most and least,  
And made the world a pleasure to my sight.  
I love thee then, because the tender gleam  
Of thy sweet features drives away all gloom,  
And freshens with pure thoughts the heart forlorn ;  
So o'er the morning hills the early beam  
Awakes with songs each grove that, like the tomb,  
Slumbered in silence till the touch of morn.

#### II.—DAY-BREAK.

I love thee when the purple radiance breaks  
Above the wooded mountains, and the skies  
Are spangled o'er with rosy clouds that rise  
Out of the valleys, where the streams and lakes  
Put on new glory, and the verdure takes  
A tender freshness, healing to tired eyes,  
Bathed in the dews that shine with trembling dyes,  
A shower of gems in every breeze that wakes.  
I love thee then, my love ; for like the dawn,  
Thou shin'st in loveliness forever new,  
And my glad soul, uplifted as with wine,  
Even like the world, fresh glory taketh on,—  
The beauty of dreams, of holy thoughts and true,  
Born of thy love and purity divine.

## III.—SUN-RISE.

I love thee when the risen sun appears  
    With glorious countenance above the hills,  
    When from the heights a thousand leaping rills  
Rush to the valleys, sending to the ears  
Their notes of jubilance, which banish fears,  
    And rouse the gladdened heart to answering thrills ;  
    I love thee then, because thy presence fills  
My soul with light that quickens, lifts and cheers.  
I love thee then, my love, for as the sun  
    Adorns the earth with blossom and perfume,  
    Waking both hill and vale to love and song ;  
Thy presence to my soul sweet joys hath won,  
Sweet dreams and holy visions, which outbloom  
    With promise of a harvest rich and strong.

## IV.—NOON.

I love thee in the fullness of the noon,  
    When by the dusty highway blooms the rose ;  
    When in the pool the lily breathes and blows ;  
And every grove is dark in leafy June ;  
When field and copse and woodland are atune  
    With birds, whose full-voiced choirings heavenward  
    flows  
    Triumphant, and the swelling bosom glows  
With gratitude and love for every boon.  
I love thee then, my love ; because in all  
    The glory of thy loveliness and worth,  
    And the rich music breathing from thy voice,  
Unworthy cares can ne'er my soul enthrall ;  
    I am uplifted from the gloom of earth,  
    And moving in thy presence I rejoice.

## V.—EVENING.

I love thee when the day is wearing late,  
    And towards the western heights the sun descends,  
    When through the valley, where the river bends,  
The loaded barges bear their harvest freight ;

When flame has robbed the forests ; and the date  
Of summer overpassed, the orchard sends  
Its ripened fragrance forth, and the year lends  
Her wealth to toil, in measure and in weight.  
I love thee then, my love ; for like the year,  
More glorious grown in matron majesty,  
In wisdom and in beauty ripe and rare,  
I look upon thy face ; I speak, and hear  
Thy loving answer ; thou art all to me ;  
And lo ! my soul upriseth out of care.

## VI—TWILIGHT.

I love thee in the golden afterglow  
That shines above the hills, when night is near ;  
When frosts have made the hills and valleys sear,  
And thro' bare trees sharp airs begin to blow,  
When birds no longer sing, and the sad crow  
Tarries among the corn sheaves, and with drear  
And melancholy voice, calls out in fear,  
While the moon rises o'er a world of woe.  
I love thee then, my love, for tho' the day  
Draws to its close, and out of the cold north  
Winter begins to breathe his icy breath.  
Thy holy love is with me ; like a ray  
It guides my soul above the fading earth,  
And cheers me onward toward the night of death.

## VII.—EARLY AND LATE.

I love thee when the early light appears,  
And when the Spring with rosy dawn is nigh ;  
I love thee when the sun is in the sky,  
And when the Summer noontide glows and cheers ;  
When mellow Autumn gilds the ripened ears,  
And birds are hastening South with restless cry ;  
When freezing winds among the sedges sigh  
And the cold touch of Winter blights and sears.



Early and late, I love thee evermore,  
 Thy presence is a blessing to my soul,  
 A sacred influence of love and faith ;  
 So when we stand upon the darkening shore  
 Thy love shall light me where the billows roll,  
 And guide me thro' the yielding gate of death.

#### THE AWAKENING.

O tender joy ! O sweet awakening !  
 O birth renewed with soul of loveliness !  
 Now rises every heart thy light to bless,  
 Uplifted by thy loving power, O Spring !  
 Despair is dead ; with sweet flowers garlanding  
 Her shining brows, Hope dries each dewy tress  
 In the warm sunlight, and all sorrowless  
 Joins her wild song with songs the young birds bring.  
 Behold the violet rising from the mould,  
 The dandelion and the bluet pale !  
 One after one they come with fragrant breath,  
 Sprinkling the meadows in a shower of gold,  
 While gladness lives and leaps along the vale ;  
 Why has the heart been sad ? There is no death.

#### HOW SHALL I THANK THEE ?

How shall I thank Thee, Father, for the boon  
 Thy hand hath borne unto my hungering heart ?  
 For love that answereth love, in every part,  
 Even as the sea upheaveth to the moon ?  
 O Angel Love, thou comest in perfect tune  
 With my soul's music, bringing without art,  
 For love, love, joy for joy, and smart for smart,  
 Sweeter than breezes under skies of June.  
 How shall I thank thee, Lord ? To live and love  
 As lives and loves my sweetheart, without stain ;  
 To take and yield in joy and sweet accord ;  
 With foot on earth and gaze on heaven above,  
 Like dew-drops on the green, that give again  
 The light they take ;—So let me thank thee, Lord.

## HEAVEN HATH SENT THEE.

I know that heaven hath sent thee, a sweet star,  
To shine upon the darkness of my night;  
For in thy presence all my life is light;  
And when thou art away, I feel afar  
Thy gentle influence, that no hap can mar,  
Approaching like an angel presence bright,  
Within whose beams my thoughts are benedight,  
And all my dreams of heavenly shaping are.  
The glory and the loveliness of life  
Wake from their slumber when thy steps I hear,  
In thy pure presence nought of ill can be:  
Oblivious of the world and all its strife  
I walk beside thee in an atmosphere  
Of joy; for heaven hath sent thee unto me.

## MY BEACON.

O my Polaris! while strong passions rage  
And evil comes and willeth not to part,  
While throbbing virtue lingers in my heart,  
But flutters like a bird new-caught in eage,  
Let thy sweet shining but my soul engage,—  
Then gentle thoughts within my breast upstart,  
And quiet hope cometh with healing art,  
Soothing my soul with counsels sweet and sage.  
And while my breast lies open to the light  
Of thy dear eyes that cheer me from afar,  
I know I cannot wander from the goal:  
For thou my beacon art in the bleak night,  
My watchful guard, my steadfast guiding star,  
My strength, my hope, the anchor of my soul.

## A NIGHT SCENE.

The clouds white-faced, but bosomed black as night  
Sank downward on the east, a ghostly crew,  
The howling northwind in wild anger blew,  
While calm above the tumult, fair and white,

The silent moon looked down with gentle light,  
 And o'er the world a gauze-like radiance threw  
 Sweet as the showering of the summer dew,  
 A smiling witness of earth's sorry plight.  
 O cruel seemed such placid loveliness  
 When the far mountain sank as in a swoon,  
 And the gray meadow mourned the summer gone ;  
 It seemed to glory in the earth's distress,—  
 But soon the winds were whist, and the sweet moon  
 Whispered the coming of the year's young dawn.

#### OUR SHIP OF STATE.

Upon an angry sea our ship is tossed ;  
 Wild shriek the boisterous winds thro' sheet and  
     shroud ;  
 The breakers dash against the mass of cloud  
 That drives above, a dire and threatening host ;  
 In this our day of danger, vain the boast  
     Of human strength or wisdom ; marble-browed  
     With fear of pending death we cry aloud,  
 "Awake, O God, and save, or all is lost."  
 O ye of little faith, God doth not sleep ;  
     The wind and waves are pliant in his hands,  
     And move but to perform his mighty will.  
 Reef your proud sails ; your glorious vessel keep  
     Seaward, and shun the perils of strange lands,—  
     Hark to the Master's whisper : "Peace ; be still."

#### TO ENGLAND.

England, the pride and glory of thy name  
     Must live in justice, not in force and wrong ;  
     Shakespeare's deep music, Milton's mighty song,  
 And Wordsworth's noble tenderness proclaim  
 Thy wisdom, strength and everlasting fame ;  
     O'er the broad earth the sound of thy rich tongue  
     Rings paeans unto peace ; then why prolong  
 War's barbarous broils and greed's unholy game ?

Look back upon the beauty of thy past,  
 And cling unto the cross that Austin bore  
 To thy white cliffs. Oh, let thy voice be heard  
 In peace among the nations; so, at last,  
 Justice and joy shall flourish on thy shore,  
 And all men hail thee with a loving word.

#### THE BRAZEN THRONE.

Why lingers thy avenging bolt, O God?  
 Accusing to thine ear ascends the groan  
 Of toil struck down, while seeking but his own,  
 A mendicant for justice; and the sod  
 Reeks with his blood, while tyranny rough-shod  
 Rides o'er his writhing body; but the moan  
 Though high as heaven, stirs not the brazen throne  
 Where greedy despot rules with iron rod.  
 Why lingers the avenging stroke, O Lord?  
 Lift thy strong hand against the mighty wrong  
 That fills the land with wailing; arm with fire  
 The people's spirit; let the crimes abhorred —  
 Fraud and oppression — earth has borne so long,  
 Flame up before thy face, a funeral pyre.

#### LABOR UNBOUND.

Be thy hopes lofty as thy heart was low,  
 O Lady; for the shackles of despair  
 The dragon Greed — unmindful of all prayer —  
 Forged for thy binding in the cave of woe,  
 Are riven asunder; free thou art to go  
 Henceforth upon thy ministries of care  
 To soothe the fallen, raise the faint, to bear  
 Their burdens, and thy tender gifts bestow.  
 Fear nevermore shall hold thee, for the brand  
 Of truth and justice that hath made thee free  
 Shall blaze forever in thy righteous cause —  
 The sword high honor wields; while heart and hand  
 He pledges to thy rule on bended knee;  
 Thine are his dreams, and his shall be thy laws.

## FIDELITY.

O love, when night is silent, and the skies  
 With gentle gaze bend closer to the earth,  
 And quiet as an infant after birth  
 All the wide world in dreamful beauty lies :  
 'Then waking from unrestful sleep I rise,  
 And bowed in meditation, wander forth  
 Among the fields, until I feel the worth  
 Of the sweet harmonies that greet mine eyes.  
 I see far stars sweep circling round the pole,  
 And great Bootes move with mighty strides,  
 Whilst calm Polaris smiles all tenderly,  
 Pure, steadfast, true. Then the thought cheers my soul  
 That in the north a tender heart abides  
 As pure, as steadfast, and as true to me.

## I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE OTHER THAN THOU ART.

I would not have thee other than thou art,  
 My choice of flowers, fair bloom from Love's rose  
 tree,  
 Nurtured in Love's rare soil, and reared for me  
 In Love's own garden. Evil hath no part  
 In the rich odor of thy love, sweetheart ;  
 In thy soul blending heaven and earth we see,  
 Sky pure as dew on verdant blade may be,—  
 I would not have thee other than thou art.  
 Too good for earth thou art not ; but can'st feel  
 The weakness of the flesh and all the pain  
 That God's fixed rule of justice hath decreed  
 To human error ; and with sweet appeal  
 To Mercy for thy lover, thou can'st gain  
 Thy lover's changeless love, thy pure heart's meed.

## LONGFELLOW.

O singer to the child-soul dear, I read  
 Thy magic numbers, and my soul is thrilled  
 By sacred melody ; the world is filled  
 With vernal sweetnesses ; the cry of greed

Is hushed to shame-faced silence ; earth is freed  
 From bonds of woe ; and birds begin to build  
 In vine-clad portals, while their songs are trilled  
 With mingled odors rising from the mead.  
 Pure as the prayer of fair Evangeline  
 The voice of thy sweet dreaming ; musical  
 As thrushes chanting in the woods of June.  
 Whilst like Sandalphon in his heaven serene  
 Thou standest and to wreaths purpleal  
 Changest with thy sure hand each warbled tune.

## LEO XIII.—1893.

From when upon the lake of Galilee  
 The rugged fisherman, at break of day,  
 Sat mending nets, and heard the Saviour say,  
 "Be fisherman of souls ; rise, follow me ;"  
 Until this latest age, when wondrously  
 The world shines out with wisdom's brightest ray,  
 And feels the heaviest dole of error's way,  
 No fisherman of souls like unto thee,  
 In patient toil, hath worn away the night.  
 O grave old man, pure, strong and without fear,  
 The glory of the faith abides in thee,  
 And love and hope live on, a blessed sight.  
 Even now the Master speaketh, soft and clear,  
 "Cast out again the nets into the sea."

## TO CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

Deft fashioner of moon-beams, unto thee  
 I send a greeting and a voice of cheer ;  
 Though toil may bow thee, be thou void of fear,—  
 Thy aim is truth, and love thy meed shall be ;  
 Still let the child-soul sway thee ; wander free  
 Where dew-drops sparkle and brooks murmur  
 clear ;  
 To song of bird and hum of bee give ear,  
 And send thy message earthward dauntlessly.

Lover of beauty, wooer of the dawn,  
Say not it profits little, thy sweet song ;  
The heart that walks in dusk shall hear and bless ;  
So, be not silent ; fail not, fare thee on !  
The Master marks the purpose, pure and strong ;  
Thy song shall bear His stamp of worthiness.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

The fearless voice is silent now that sang  
Those truths whereby the soul to Heaven is drawn ;  
The poet from the paths of earth is gone,  
Whose music like the angelus outrang ;  
His ear is cold in clay that heard the clang  
Of angel trumpets promising the dawn  
Of God's white morning ; yet our hearts upon  
His loving thoughts and tender numbers hang.  
Bard of prophetic dreams, not all in vain  
Thy sacred rapture, not in vain thy lay  
That stirs the pulse unto a holier strife !  
There is no death for thee ; thy loss is gain ;  
Thy soul is still our comrade ; and to-day  
The light of earth is brighter for thy life.

TO KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Through stainless azure shone the April morn,  
On blade and leaf the starry dew still clinging ;  
A thousand birds on budding boughs were singing,  
While, odorous from green dells of brier and thorn  
And hill-side glebe, by colter late uptorn,  
Came freshening airs across the valley winging ;  
Then, white as lilies, in my soul up-springing,  
Soft dreams arose from tender pleasures born.  
Sweet Poet, 'mid those scenes of innocence—  
The light and love and sweetness of the time—  
Methought I heard the cadence of thy voice ;  
And from afar its mellow influence  
Came with the gentle burden of thy rhyme,  
Singing of Heaven, and made my soul rejoice.

## THE PROMISE OF MORNING.

To Henry Coyle.

As when a star above the dusky hills,  
 Whose wooded tops rise black against the sky,  
 Swims into ken, and wooes the watching eye  
 To gaze upon her beauty, while she spills  
 A silvery lustre o'er the world, and fills  
 The skies with promise of the morning nigh;  
 So comes thy virgin book, O friend; and I  
 Drink of the dewy dreams its hope distills.  
 To purity serenely consecrate,  
 Thy gentle harp is like that Nazarite  
 Whose ringing voice from out the desert cried:  
 "Prepare the Master's way; make His paths straight;"  
 Earth needs thy service sweet; thy cup of light  
 Shall bless pale lips that must not be denied.

## TO HENRY COYLE.

One pleasant eve, when from the glowing west  
 The twilight faded and soft shadows fell,  
 With moistening dews, about me, in the dell,  
 I heard a wood-thrush warbling near his nest  
 Amid sweet hawthorn blooms, as if his breast  
 Was made by tender memories to swell;  
 By thoughts, which in fine strains he uttered well  
 To all the listening valley, goldenest  
 Of all the warblers. And I thought of thee,  
 And of thy singing, O my gentle friend!  
 Which, through the deepening shadows of this day,  
 Fill our rapt hearts with clearest melody:—  
 I listened till each echo had an end,  
 And blessing bird and thee, passed on my way,

## TO ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Poring upon thy magic page, I hear  
 A swelling sound of tender melodies,—  
 Voicings of Paradisal choruses,  
 And strains that bear the soul from earth-born fear



To that pure region of perpetual cheer,  
Where hope and love wake stainless memories  
Of holy eld, in blithesome harmonies,  
Soothing, with dreamful charm, the ravished ear.  
Dear poet of fair visions, let thy voice  
Still sound among the shadows ; sweet and cool,  
As odors from white roses thy song's breath ;  
World-weary hearts shall hear thee and rejoice ;  
And sin-worn souls, no longer sorrowful,  
Shall bless the guide that led them out of death.

#### THE VOICE OF WOE.

Calm is the night ; across the drowsy leas  
From misty skies the white moon pours her ray ;  
And, dreaming even now of soon decay,  
The leaves are sobbing to the answering breeze.  
The cricket of the future woe he sees  
Seems chirping in the hedges by the way,  
Not of the present weal ; o'er hollows gray  
The fire-flies flash, like child-hood memories.  
Life seems but waste ; for every heart the scorn  
Of bustling time must bear, that drives apace,  
None pleasuring, or high or lowly born,  
Riding the laggards down in his hot race  
With merciless power ; in every sound up-borne  
On the soft breeze, the voice of woe I trace.

#### NOW BREATHES THE WATERY SOUTH.

Now breathes the watery South upon the hills,  
And flooding mists arise against the air ;  
The brooklet, breaking from his mountain lair,  
Rushes in laughter past the rumbling mills ;  
Robed in moist clouds, the northing sun instills  
New life into the earth ; and everywhere  
The greening blade drives out the wintry glare ;  
While every heart with rising rapture thrills.

Nor is the forest sad, nor meadows dumb;  
 In living light the fields are brightening,  
 And o'er the flowers the bees begin to hum;  
 The woods and orchards with glad voices ring;  
 Out of the pines the black-birds' choirings come;  
 All earth shouts out her welcome to the spring.

#### LOOK UP, O SOUL.

Shall not the soul when earth's brief hour is gone,  
 With winds and clouds that linger in its train,  
 Spring to new life upon a loftier plain,  
 Where robes of holier joy she may put on?  
 Spurning the sod, to rise, and without moan,  
 From everlasting gardens fragrance gain  
 Of flowers refreshed with heavenly dew and rain,  
 And hear the songs of angels near God's throne?  
 Hope lifts the soul. Were not the stars most bright  
 What time the north-wind made his weariest moan,  
 When woods were bare and all the meadows white,  
 And every sound of joy and love was flown?  
 They seemed to sing in words of living light,  
 "Look up, O soul, thou'rt not for earth alone."

#### WE ARE BUT DREAMERS ALL.

We are but dreamers all in the weird sleep  
 That bindeth fast our eyes from God's vast round  
 Of never-ending day; and so profound  
 The sleep is, that our very memories keep  
 Their portals locked; and though we stand and weep,  
 Seeking to gaze beyond the sunrise bound  
 Of life, our vision fails, as at the mound  
 That holds our searching steps from death's dark sleep.  
 We are but dreamers all; yet through the night  
 Shrouding us from the morn of God, we feel  
 Soft rays of throbbing warmth and holy light,  
 That from the spheral glory seem to steal—  
 Sweet waves that wake to rapture our weak sight,  
 And bear us visions of eternal weal.

## A DREAM OF TRUTH.

Night in her mantle, woven of darkest grain,  
Robes all the sleeping world in silent gloom ;  
Sweet shine the stars, like clustering flowers in bloom ;  
And the calm moon sinks toward the western plain ;  
Here by the stream that flows with murmuring strain,  
Across the meadows, where the stars illume  
The frozen sward, I walk, and like the tomb  
The midnight silences around me reign.  
Lo, deep within the waves reflected lies,  
With tremulous perfection, every star ;  
A dream of truth from heaven's deep mysteries  
Shines from the shallow waters, near and far ;  
And my rapt soul is lifted to the skies,  
Winged with desires that man can never mar.

## SUMMER WAS IN MY SOUL.

One chill December day I chanced to spy,  
Full-girthed upon a hill not far away—  
The sole green shape on a wide field of gray—  
A fir-tree, dark against a leaden sky ;  
So lone it looked amid the pastures dry,  
Methought it seemed a memory, or a ray  
Of summer's faded glory, whose display  
Made sorry show in Winter' surly eye.  
Soon from its gloom I heard a cheerful throng,  
With chirpings ; for a thousand sparrows there  
Fluttering filled its heart with homely song ;  
And I forgot the fields all brown and bare ;  
The mirth uplifted me and made me strong ;  
Summer was in my soul and earth grew fair.

## TO CHARLES PHILLIPS, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

On his marriage at Dawson, Neb., Dec. 21, 1910.

A lover hastens from the Golden Shore  
To meet the bride our gorgeous East has sent ;  
While she, like sunshine from the Orient,  
Bears her light westward, o'er his soul to pour

With her sweet presence all love's tender store ;  
They meet midway upon the continent,  
Where in the grace of love's dear sacrament  
Their hands are clasped in pledge, to part no more.  
Dear friend, I send thee from this morningland,  
A dower of golden wishes, greeting thee  
And the fair bride who walks at thy right hand,—  
Wishes and prayers that every boon may be  
The burden of your lives, until you stand  
Fearless upon the shore of Death's dark sea.

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## SONGS IN VARIOUS MOODS.

## MY CHAPLET.

I come to cull sweet blossoms  
Of pure and rare perfume ;  
To wreathe a simple chaplet  
To deck my loved one's tomb.  
Oh, how shall I wreathe the chaplet,  
And what shall the flowerets be?  
Ora, ora pro nobis,  
Mater Domini.

The violets are vanished,  
The buttercups are flown ;  
The stream flows down the valley  
In a mournful monotone ;  
The scent of the wayside roses  
Is now but a memory ;  
Ah, miserere nobis,  
Jesu Domine !

Unfading flowers I'll gather,  
Of pure and rare perfume;  
I'll hang a deathless chaplet  
Above my loved one's tomb.  
Strong prayers shall rise like incense,  
Dear Son of Love, to thee;  
O lend thy gentle pleading  
Mater Domini.

#### WHEN THE ROSES ARE IN BLOSSOM.

When the roses are in blossom and the birds are in the  
bowers,

And the clover fields are murmuring to the bee,  
Sweet and lovely in the morning as the perfumes and the  
flowers,

Is my darling as she walks across the lea.

And I watch her from my window, and my soul is full of  
joy,

For she pours such blessed sunshine o'er my way,  
That no shadow ever cometh, and no grief to give annoy;  
Pleasure liveth in her presence like the day.

And though sunny summer passes, and the leaves have left  
the trees,

Though the wind comes and its wailings never cease,  
Still the roses and the bird-songs and the murmuring of  
bees

Fill my soul with all their melody and peace.

For the sweetness of her presence comes like zephyrs of  
the Spring,

And her voice is like the ripple of the stream;  
While the roses and the birdsongs, and the bees' low mur-  
muring,

Breathe about her like the glory of a dream.

## VISIONS.

If my tongue could only frame  
Seemly verse to lodge and name  
All my dreamings, life would be  
Like a Paradise to me.  
Soul-songs, floating from the spheres,  
Sound upon my listening ears ;  
Harpings from celestial choirs,  
Fraught with sacred, wild desires ;  
Cheering visions, night and day,  
But I cannot frame the lay.

Odors out of gardens rare  
Waft on every wave of air,  
Wed with sun-bright melodies,  
Giving birth to memories  
Of the green earth's youth of gold,  
And of holy ones of old,  
Who could set all scorn at naught  
For the joy of blessed thought.

And at times my spirit flies  
Through the future's opening skies,  
Where, like golden sun-rise clouds,  
All the mystery that enshrouds  
Time, is turned to vistas bright,  
Yielding glimpses of God's light.  
Then the voices of the earth,  
Tuned to notes of heavenly birth,  
Ring in rich, harmonious rhyme,  
Chanting victory over crime.

Night and morn such dreams as these,  
Soothing as the sound of bees,  
Borne on songs of angel choirs,  
Lift my soul to sweet desires.  
But my tongue, benumbed of clay,  
Half the beauty cannot say  
Of the visions, and I weep,—  
Life is but a dungeon-keep.

## WHEREFORE WEEPEST THOU?

In the rosy rays of dawn,  
O'er the dew-emppearled lawn,  
Came the Magdalene, sad-hearted,  
To the tomb, whence she departed,  
Yestereve, when light was gone.

And her eye-lids still undried,  
Weeping for the Crucified,  
She with spices came returning,  
All her soul within her burning,  
With the love of Him that died.

But what grief and cruel fear  
Seized her as she drew anear,  
And within the tomb, while gazing,  
Saw the vision, sore-amazing,—  
Cerements and an empty bier.

Ah, with heaving breast she cried,  
Seeking through the garden wide,  
In her anguish wildly weeping,  
Still the woeful burden keeping,  
“Where is He, the Crucified?”

Then like music on her ear  
Fell the words of soothing cheer,  
“Woman, wherefore weep'st thou?” Sweetly  
Through her soul they rang, completely  
Driving forth all grief and fear.

To the spirit, worn and weak,  
Gently doth the story speak,  
Sweet the lesson that it teacheth;  
Still the healing comfort reacheth  
Every soul that dares to seek.

## OUT OF THE TEMPEST.

The clouds in the rough March morning  
Went trooping through the sky,  
The bending tree-tops spurning  
With their swift feet hurrying by.  
I heard the distant moaning  
Of the sea upon the shore  
And the wood's responsive groaning  
To the wild wind's ceaseless roar.

And urged by a restless spirit  
As wild as the wind and free,  
That knew no force to fear it,  
I strode to the restless sea.  
I heard the voice of the billow  
I tasted the salt of the spray,  
I bowed to the wind like a willow,  
And sped through the mist so gray.

Then came a crash of thunder,  
The skies were rent in twain,  
The sea seemed torn asunder,  
The dun clouds fell in rain.  
But the rush of the rain down-pouring,  
The sea's unceasing roll,  
The earth to the ocean roaring,  
With a wild joy filled my soul.

I feared not the storm, and heeded  
The wave-like rush of the rain  
No more than the angry sea did  
As it broke on the pebbly plain.  
But, bowed to the wind's deep sobbing,  
O'er the beach I sped along,  
And eased my heart's mad throbbing  
With the soothing words of a song,

Lo! soon with sudden silence  
The wind died out on high,



And the clouds, like snow-crowned islands,  
Went floating through the sky ;  
The sun with a warmer radiance  
Looked down upon the sea,  
Whence came a softer cadence,  
As it murmured quietly.

And I lifted my face to heaven  
And breathed a thankful prayer,  
For lo ! to my soul was given  
A dream of peace, so rare.  
The fury of hating and scorning,  
The stress of passion and strife,  
Had passed, like a tempest of morning,  
From the fair blue sky of my life.

#### EVER NEAR.

O love, thy face, though far, is ever present,  
And thy kind glances, like the moon at night,  
Shine on my life, thus making safe and pleasant  
Every rough way, with thy soul-kindling light ;  
And all my dearest thoughts fly out to thee,—  
Light of my life, thou'rt never far from me !

When on the hills the day is slowly dying,  
And the pale stars peep shyly from the skies,  
When 'mid white clouds the winged moon is flying,  
And gray woods to the wind sing symphonies ;  
Still as I gaze on nature's face so fair,  
Heart's dearest love ! thy smile is present there.

And through the long and lonesome midnight hours,  
Dreaming, my soul still hears thy tender voice,  
And as the flowerets smile in sun and showers,  
So doth my heart grow stronger and rejoice.  
Thus day and night, wherever thou may'st be,  
Light of life ! thou'rt never far from me.

## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Up from the vales a voice of gladness comes,  
Out of the woods a sound of waking mirth;  
Dead lies the winter 'neath the greening earth,  
And young Spring lives adorned in fragrant blooms;  
The breezy hills and the pure skies above  
Awake the world to dreams of joy and love.

Hark! how the bird-songs float into the sky,  
From field and fen, from tree and shrub and brush,  
Sparrow and linnet, bluebird, red-wing, thrush,  
Voice their delight in ravishing melody;  
Winged are the songs with love, and every breeze  
That bears them on is fraught of fragrances.

Along the valley where the violets grow  
The narrow river rushes on its way,  
Glad with the warmth and freshness of the day,  
And glancing back to heaven with its own glow,  
As hearts that hold to beauty, love and truth,  
Shine in the eye of God with His own ruth.

Over the hills where the young grass is sprent  
With dandelion rath, and bluet pale,  
Lean cows are grazing, and along the vale  
The merry lambkins frisk, while flocks, unpent  
From the fenced fold, go forth upon the scene,  
And through the meadows crop the tender green.

But while upon the hillside fair I stand  
And feel the joy this beauty brings to me,  
Alas! I look about me and I see  
Foul misery and want on every hand.  
The voice of sorrow, the shrill cry of pain  
Rise out of wasted hearts, ah me, how vain!

Not vain, O God! Thy law is truth and love;  
The day of right and justice shall prevail;  
Man seeketh self, but his designs shall fail;

Thy hand shall lead him, like the Blest above,  
To feel the heavenly joy of being just ;  
Our hope abides, O God ! In Thee we trust.

#### UNDER THE STARS.

The midnight hour is here, and silence broods  
With folded wings o'er all the sleeping world ;  
The whippowill within the sedgy fen  
Hath hushed his querulous song, and the dull owl  
Sits calm and voiceless in the darksome wood.  
Impelled by sleepless care I walk abroad  
Through the moist meadows, where the breathing flowers  
Send forth sweet incense to the stooping hills,  
Whose shadows hold the vale in loved embrace.  
Softly the breeze comes from the groves afar  
And gathering from the meads a thousand sweets  
Bears them away in silence to the stars,  
Whilst earth sits weeping tears of pearly dew  
For the dear loss, but speaks no evil word.

Out of the moonless skies the luminous stars,  
Circling in wondrous harmony and grace  
Round the great central Throne of Majesty,  
Flash down sweet words of peace and truth and love ;  
Peace in the perfect motion of the spheres,  
Truth in the light that streams upon the world,  
And love in the dread power that holds them still  
Unswerving in their way through the blue deeps.

I bow my head in silence as I walk,  
And saddening cares and wearing toil forgot,  
I listen to the voices of the stars,  
That speak to me with no uncertain sound.  
And in their motion do they sing, O God,  
Thy praise and love, Thy majesty and might.  
In such a blessed hour grief flies, and leaves  
The soul rejoicing, for the glory of God  
Falls down in golden rays upon the earth,  
And truth and beauty live in the sweet light.

## THE PEACE OF GOD'S WHITE MORNING.

Lo, on the snow-capped summit of the mountain,  
The sun, still viewless to the valley-dwellers,  
Flashes the rosy signal of his coming  
To men of hope that walk in the low meadows.  
But in the valley-fields brown shadows linger,  
And noises of the night-tide haunt the caverns—  
Moanings and cries and muttered words of danger,  
Wrong's tyrant-voice, the hushed, low cry of labor,  
The trumpet's blare, the clang of arms and clangor  
Of armed hosts contending in the darkness,  
And the wild wail that rises from the dying.

What mean these moans and cries and words of danger?  
What mean the blaring trump, and clang and clangor?  
What mean the maddened hosts amid the darkness  
Who wake the wild wail o'er the dead and dying?

Oh, God, comes no calm voice of love to silence  
Those braying brawlers clamoring in the caverns?  
Comes no mild music, that with soothing sweetness,  
Shall ravish man to God and heal his madness?  
Comes no calm light that, with enchanting splendor,  
Shall show the wreck of beauty in the valley?

Yea, men of hope, that walk in the low meadows,  
Open your ears and hear, like choiring thrushes,  
The voice of angels, sounding from the heavens  
The hymn of holy love that lives eternal—  
"Sweet peace to righteous men, to God all glory!"  
And hark! e'en now, through waning night, are wafted  
The thunder tones of God's supernal organ,  
That lift the soul on wings of holy rapture.  
And lo! the radiance on the mountain summit,  
The rosy signal of day's instant coming!  
Nearer and nearer, down the mount descending,  
Draws that red radiance, and, praise God! the caverns  
Grow silent; while the brawlers, dumb with wonder,  
Gaze through the brightening rays, on pallid faces;  
And wait the blessed peace of God's white morning.

## CHRIST'S PEERLESS SPOUSE.

As Eve from Adam's riven side  
Was brought in beauty bright and young  
So from the Saviour Crucified  
His peerless Spouse in glory sprung.

Bone of His bone, she cleaveth still  
Unto His side, O ne'er to part !  
Flesh of His flesh, she binds her will  
To the sweet motions of His heart.

White-robed and pure as morning light,  
In majesty through time and space  
She moves ; and every cankering blight  
Flies from the presence of her face.

No evil at her altar lives,  
No sordid sway in her desires ;  
The Father's breathing justice gives  
Eternal radiance to her fires.

Yet are there who with blighted gaze  
No beauty in her splendor see ;  
But deem her pure and glorious rays  
The pomp of scarlet blazonry.

Vain souls ! her tender mother love  
They miss, nor know the direful want ;  
Her hand with healing from above  
They miss, in mercies ministrant.

When sorrow steepes the heart in tears,  
How soothing is her soft caress ?  
When death comes with a thousand fears  
How sweet her words, that cheer and bless !

The praises of her Saviour Spouse  
In tones of ravishment she sings,  
Adores Him in His vaulted house  
With all the joy that music brings.

She takes the dreamer from the throng  
And fires his soul with visions sweet,  
That blossom forth in art and song,—  
She lays these at the Master's feet.

O Daughter of Eternal Love!  
Bride of the Everlasting Word!  
Unfaltering voice of Heavenly Dove,  
By saint and sage devoutly heard,—

I bow before thy sacred shrine,  
Where dwells the risen Christ ; and there  
With thankful soul seek grace divine  
To live within thy tender care.

#### THE ETERNITY OF LOVE.

Oft in the deepening dusk of summer eve,  
When the wood echoed to the latest sounds  
Of the mad thrushes' music, I have stood  
And watched the star of evening where it burned  
In its white glory o'er the glowing west.

The hill-side pastures and the meadows fair,  
Touched by the freshness of the falling dew,  
Breathed out with fuller sweetness, and the air  
Throbbled with the joy of odors and sweet sounds.  
The twitter of the birds among the leaves,  
The rustling where the breeze passed whispering  
through,

The frail, green crickets in the shrubs and trees,  
Spake but of peace and loveliness and rest,  
While the fair planet, with unmoving flame,  
Type of the light and purity of love,  
Shone o'er the darkening hollow of the west,  
And filled my soul with longings and sweet hopes.

Now, while the fields are white and all the trees  
Flaunt their black nakedness against the sky,  
Showing forsaken nests of yester-year,

And no voice cometh but the crow's harsh croak,  
And weary moan of the wind, again I stand,  
And watch the star in all its glory shine,  
Above the gathering shadows of the west.  
But, though the sweetness of the year is gone  
And the crisp air speaks but of death, I see  
No change upon the star's calm face; I feel  
The influence of its beauty on my soul;  
A sweet hope springs within me that foretells  
The eternity of love, and all my heart  
Throbs with a tender pleasure while I gaze!

#### THE DAYLIGHT WANETH.

The daylight waneth, and the night is near,  
The russet leaf hangs restless on the tree,  
The stubbled fields are brown, the meadows sear,  
And brooding silence rests on hill and lea,—  
A listening silence that arouseth fear;—  
The winter cometh and the night is near.  
The morn with all its glow is passed away;  
The flowers lie odorless upon the wold;  
The birds are gone that cheered the waking day;  
The sheep are huddled in the sheltering fold,—  
They joy not in the slant November ray;—  
The pleasures of the morn are passed away.  
A nipping frost sits in the voiceless breeze;  
The grieving skies are clothed in ashen gray;  
The river flows beneath autumnal trees  
And sadly shows the grief of their decay.  
There is no sound to soothe, no sight to please;  
The night is near and frost is in the breeze.  
Day fadeth fast, and clouds are in the sky;  
Strange shadows flit like ghosts across the wold;  
With moistened locks the white moon rides on high,  
Scattering thin mists upon the breezes cold.  
I stand amid the sorrow and I sigh;—  
My life is chill and clouds are in the sky.

## THE WANDERER.

I stand amid the soundless solitude  
That holds the wasted upland, where the breeze  
Finds not a tree to greet her as she flies  
From the star-guarded north, and watch the moon  
Uplift her full-orbed glory from the hills,  
Flooding with radiant streams the silent night.

Below me sleeps the forest, silent, dark,  
In gorgeous robes autumnal garmented ;  
And far away, by the white moon transfigured,  
Lies the broad river, winding through the vale,  
A mirror for the thousand city lights  
That speak of home and happiness and love.

Home, happiness and love ! O words of might !  
Divine among the blest, but worse than hell  
Unto the fated heart that beats in want,  
The wanderer in the wilderness, who looks  
Upon the loving sweetnesses of life  
And feels not their warm influence on the soul.

And so upon the wasted upland here  
I look upon the light of earth and sky,  
With heart more lone than the dead solitude,  
By shattered hopes and blight of sin distraught,  
And I cry shame upon the world, wherein  
I walk a wanderer homeless as the moon.

## THE SILENT SONG.

I heard a voice at midnight, and it said,  
"Arise and walk among the silent fields !  
From out the blazing stars is born a song  
Whose harmony 'tis well thy soul should hear."

I rose and under moon and stars I walked  
Across the grassy fields, where, from moist flowers,  
The breeze plucked perfumes, bearing them away  
For careless wooers ; and the song came down



Upon me, musical with God's own voice.  
Silent I stood and listened to the tones  
Streaming from everlasting deeps of heaven,  
A fountain of sweet sound and holy fire.

The flood of music drowned all groveling dreams,  
And my soul floated on a sea of love,  
The godlike love of human brotherhood.  
The deathless joy of youth lived in the song,  
White faith, truth's crescent power; fair charity,  
Whose living flame lights every soul to God;  
Hope with her pilot bark on wild seas tossed,  
Fearless of danger; these in spherical chords  
Of circling systems sang amid the sounds.

Then urged by rapture, in the dewy rays,  
I strove to set in words those angel tones;  
But ah! the glad supremity of sound  
Was lost in passing through a brain of clay.  
Sweet echoes came, indeed, but faint and low  
Compared to the full song within my soul,  
The words fail; but the music evermore  
Abides with me, and fills my soul with joy.

#### A TYPE.

Dead are the flowers; they lie  
Under the drifted snow;  
Breezes above them blow  
Out of the boreal sky.

Soon through the clouds on high,  
Glad in his golden glow,  
Shineth the sun; and, lo!  
Quick from the turf they fly.

God! let us glorify  
Thee; for the soul, e'en so,  
Out of the grave shall go  
Unto Eternity.

## DAY WEARETH LATE.

Day with its labors weareth late ; and night,  
Among its gathering shadows in the east,  
Approacheth, chill with dews and breezes cool,  
Blotting away the beauty from the hills.  
So wears the brief day of my life ; and death,  
Robed in ungenial shadows and moist fears,  
Comes with slow pace but sure, to veil mine eyes  
From dreams of earthly loveliness and joy.

But though the weary years have borne me on  
In hurrying strife, though toil hath weighed me down,  
And sorrow's marks are deep upon my brow,  
Yet no fear sits upon my soul ; no toil  
Oppresseth her, no worldly cares confine ;  
For she hath more than eagle flight, and soars  
Among the sunset mountains of bright clouds,  
And from rich springs of glory there doth drink  
Hope and inspiring joy ; there doth renew  
Her youth, and plume her wings to farther flights.  
Angels her comrades are ; and God's deep voice  
Charming the ambient silence of the skies,  
Speaks words to her that burn of wondrous love.  
Night in its majesty inviteth her  
Among the star-bound chambers of vast space,  
Wherein with awe unspeakable she sees  
The gorgeous order of God's universe,  
The infinite bounties of His teeming love,  
The never-ending grandeur of His peace.  
There in rapt silence doth she fold her wings,  
And, harkening to the spherul harmonies,  
She learns the wisdom of His law, and hears  
The sweetness of His never-ceasing voice.

Thus have I known the nobleness of life,  
And felt within me all the warmth of love ;  
And, though the day be brief and the hour late,

Death hath no terrors, and his shadow falls  
Over my senses, drowsing to a dream,  
Soft as the evening twilight on hushed fields.

#### THE FALLING OF THE LEAVES.

The purple hills are dreaming under robes of yellow haze,  
And softly thro' the woodland falls a flood of golden rays;  
But sadly in the yellow light the mild wind sighs and  
grieves;

For its gentle kiss is followed by the falling of the leaves.

Oh, sad the tender whisperings that breathe among the  
trees,

The languishing, soft odors that are borne upon the breeze;  
How sad the silent covering the fainting earth receives!

There comes a dream of sorrow with the falling of the  
leaves.

No more from out the woodland rings the warbler's wild,  
sweet song;

No more is seen the bobolink the meadow flowers among;  
No sound but of the dropping nuts and rustling wind that  
grieves

Among the moving branches for the falling of the leaves.

The river rolls in silence as it takes the dead leaves down,  
And smiles not to the trees that lean above it bare and  
brown;

It smiles not, but with solemn face the faded freight  
receives;—

There's a dream of death and parting in the falling of the  
leaves.

But Spring shall come again and bring the bird and flower  
and leaf,

Sweet Spring shall come again and leave no sign of death  
or grief;

And sweeter shall its beauty be for the rest that earth  
receives;—

There's hope beyond the sorrow in the falling of the  
leaves!

**SOLITUDE.**

O loving soul of Solitude, sweet maid  
Of meditative mien and tender grace,  
 Wooing thy smile, oft through the pleasant shade  
 I seek thee in thy secret dwelling place.

I hear thy foot-fall on the dewy green ;  
 I feel thy presence near me, as on wings  
 Of jubilant angels, soaring all unseen  
 Among the stars, thy voice swift pleasure brings.

I love thy sacred haunts ; the sylvan stream  
 That sings among the pines her solemn song  
 Of birth and death ; the ever-varying dream  
 Of joy that fills the woodland all day long ;

The music of the breezes in the leaves ;  
 The murmurous hum of bees among the flowers ;  
 The chirp of insects in the golden sheaves ;  
 The birds' wild songs that cheer the morning hours ;

Such sounds, O Solitude, awake the soul  
 To holy thoughts, above all touch of earth ;  
 God opens wide His skies, the clouds unroll  
 Strange splendors ; wondrous glories spring to birth.

A thousand pleasures in thy presence live  
 Beyond all dreams of wealth and earthly greed ;  
 No hope is sweeter than that thou canst give ;  
 Truth and the love of love's thy lover's meed.

Bright daughter of eternity, thy clime,  
 Though silent as the sun, is full of song ;  
 Thy voice is prayer ; the crimson hue of crime  
 Stains not thy brow, O Mother of the Strong.

**JUBILATE DOMINO.**

Throned on her opulent hills, in teeming abundance and  
 splendor,  
 Autumn reigns with her hand laid on the brow of the earth.

Calm is her gaze as she looks on the prosperous peace of  
the nation ;

Sweet are the odors that rise out of the folds of her robes.

Breaking from valley and meadow, ascend multitudinous  
voices,

Loud with the music of thanks, sweet with the perfume of  
prayer.

Hearts overjoyed in the gifts and blessings that come with  
the harvest,

Shouting their gladness and praise, lift them aloft to the  
skies.

Falling from silvery springs, the vociferous brooks of the  
mountain

Sing like children at play down through the shadowy  
groves.

Pure as a nun at her prayers in the sun-kissed hollow the  
lake lies,

Offering back to the skies all the rich light of the vale.

Sweet is the pleasure that comes from the sight of thy  
labors, O Father,

Sweet is the love that in song breaks from the bounds of  
the world.

Out of their deep-most caverns the murmurous waves of  
the ocean

Chant as they break on the shore praises eternal to Thee.

Flows from thy fathomless bosom a fountain of love ever-  
lasting,

Making the nations of earth sweet with the wash of its  
waves.

Sure as the sun in his sphere is the infinite sway of Thy  
mercy,

So is creation's frame safe in the power of Thy hand.

## EVENING.

Another day has closed its eyes  
Upon the shadow-shedding skies,  
And lo, the moon, with mellow beam,  
Uprises like a holy dream.

And wearied, by the wearing day,  
I homeward turn my lonely way  
With aching limbs and careworn breast,  
I bless the night that brings me rest.

But what though worn and full of care,—  
I'd change not with the millionaire,  
Whose heavy soul, from labor free,  
Still seeks relief in revelry.

With pleasures few but sweet I'm blest,  
An easy mind, my nightly rest,  
My loving home and simple store,  
With health and peace—I ask no more.

## STAR OF THE MORN.

Star of the morn whose ray  
Shines o'er the ocean wave,  
Seeking thy cheering light  
Come we to thee ;  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
Out of the tempest save,  
Wandering all the night  
O'er the dark sea.

Bride of the Mighty One,  
Born without stain of sin,  
Burdened by weariness  
Come we to thee ;  
Plead with thy tender Son,—  
May we His mercy win ;  
Save us in our distress,  
Tossed on the sea.

## IN THE FIELDS.

I stood among the murmurous clover blooms  
When the soft air was pleasant on my face  
With burdens of sweet bird-songs and perfumes  
And hints of delicate essences, that trace  
Their birth to odorous gardens and fair groves,  
Where choiring thrushes chant and down-voiced doves.

The sunlight slanted from the morning skies,  
And every moist blade in the valley wide  
Was lustrous; and the river, where it lies  
Among the green hills, hushed its lingering tide,  
And sleeping in cerulean peace, up-smiled  
Against the heavens like an unwaked child.

I know not why, but o'er my spirit there  
A sadness fell that bowed my soul in woe;  
The bird-songs came like dirges through the air,  
The daisied banks appeared like drifted snow;  
The clover's scent and murmur of the bees  
Were fraught of lost hopes and dead memories.

Then suddenly from out the zenith fell  
The screaming of a hawk; at once a deep  
Funereal stillness settled o'er the dell,—  
It seemed the very bees had fallen asleep;  
And fear, with under-breathings faintly heard,  
Made mute the voiceful music of each bird.

On wide wings poised that falcon wheeling viewed  
The slumbrous valley; then like arrow fleet  
Shot through blue depths of air beyond the wood  
Where rose the hills the smile of heaven to meet;  
And as he vanished from the skies, anew  
The stir of life was roused the valley through.

And from the grove near by a clear voice came,  
A thrush's warble, wild and weird and soft,  
Like a young poet's song, a living flame

Lighting the utterance, that, repeated oft,  
Awakened answering echoes full of love  
And happiness and peace through field and grove,

All fear was flown ; the woods were loud again  
With various voices, and the noise of bees  
Rose on the air once more, while o'er the plain  
Bearing soft odors floated the slow breeze ;  
So, full of eager joy, I stood among  
The blossoming clover, listening to the song.

#### THE SHELTERED DOVE.

I walked in the sweet May morning  
'Neath blossoming orchard trees,  
Where the air was rich with fragrance  
And murmurous with the bees.  
The dew on the young grass glistened,  
Rare gems in the sunlight strewn ;  
And clouds through the cool clear azure  
Like petals of flowers were blown.  
And pleasure and peace and beauty  
O'er-brimmed both sky and earth ;  
Here sorrow could have no biding  
And sin could have no birth.  
Then I heard a sudden flutter  
In the leaves above my head ;  
And a white dove stricken with terror  
Into my bosom sped.  
A falcon, fierce and silent  
Beheld with a piercing eye  
The fluttering dove and the rescue ;  
Then soaring, clove the sky.  
I said, "'Tis a tender symbol  
Of the saving power of love ;  
God yield a sheltering haven  
To each defenseless dove."



## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

In the black earth my buried body lies,  
With eyelids closed against the feverish day,  
Cold and insensate as the covering clay  
That hides the narrow room from the broad skies ;  
In the moist grave it lies, and at the head  
A marble tombstone fondly legended.

And one comes weeping to my grave each day,  
And, strewing flowers bedewed in tear-drops, calls  
Upon my name against the voiceless walls,  
As if beneath the mouldering turf I lay :  
Grieving he tells in bitter, mad distress  
His sorrow and ceaseless love and loneliness.

But I among the purging shadows go  
Of this dark nether region, vast and strange,  
In shuddering gloom that never knoweth change,  
Moving on restless pinions to and fro,  
Reft of the light of God's eternal day,  
Till every earthly stain shall pass away.

And hovering ever on unresting wing,  
I bide the eternal mercy with a fire  
Of deathless love and wasting, wild desire  
To look upon the face of God, my King.  
Oh, thou, in tears so idle and so vain,  
How would thy prayers redeem me from this pain !

With thee, with thee, O weeping love of mine,  
My earthly thoughts full oft were wont to stray ;  
In shady paths we loitered when the day  
Was full of light, and pleasure's sun did shine ;  
And earth so mad with happiness did seem  
'Twas very heaven, and death was but a dream.

Ah me, thou hast not yet forgotten me !  
But oh, to me the memory were more sweet  
Expressed in prayer to Heaven's Mercy Seat ;

So from the stains of earth I should be free,  
The gates of glory open, and the night  
Pass swift away in everlasting light.

## THE SONG OF A TRAMP.

The midnight stars are blazing  
From out the welkin wide,  
And o'er the restless river  
They dance on the shimmering tide.

While homeless and friendless,  
I wander wild and free;  
I care for no one, good or bad,  
And no one cares for me.

The north wind, fierce and hard with frost,  
Comes whistling o'er the moor ;  
'Tis bitter as the faces  
I meet at every door.

The brown leaves on the oak trees  
Are singing in the blast ;  
They seem to think of summer time  
And dream of pleasures past.

But never a thought of pleasure  
Or happy dream have I ;  
The spring has no more hope for me  
Than winter's midnight sky.

For then in wood or field I sleep,  
Or damp and loathsome cave,  
And now to warmer barn I slink,  
A coward and a knave.

And homeless and friendless,  
I wander wild and free ;  
I care for no one, good or bad,  
And no one cares for me.

## A PSALM OF JOY.

The world is roused to joy ; the risen morning  
Hears from her orient gates no sound of woe.  
The husbandman, full-hearted, rests from labor  
And lifts his voice in thanksgiving and praise.  
The yellow sun-light smiles upon the hillsides,  
And brooks are laughing down the verdurous dells,  
The fallen leaves, wide-scattered through the valleys,  
Are sung to slumber by the requiem winds.  
The shadowy uplands, and the sunny meadows,  
In their late greenness, glow like vigorous age.  
The fields are shorn and fallow, and the fruitage,  
With toil and thrift is gathered into barns.  
The smoke above each home in wreaths ascending  
Bears to the skies sweet tidings of content.  
Day wanes, but growing night brings naught of sorrow ;  
And winter draws apace with songs of rest.  
War's voice is hushed, and Peace, God's blessed angel,  
Sings through the land sweet songs of hope and love.

## THE ANGELUS BELL.

Above the homes of the city  
Rings out the Angelus bell ;  
It comes with Gabriel's message  
In the voice of Israfel.  
The solemn tones and tender  
Descend upon the air  
Through the golden mists of sun-rise,  
To summon the soul to prayer.  
  
O'er the busy whirl of noon-tide,  
'Mid all the toils of life,  
Like drops of holy water  
On the anxious brow of strife ;  
So falls the bell's calm ringing  
Upon the heart of care ;  
It comes as a call from the Father  
To raise the soul to prayer.

The toiler turning homeward  
At evening's quiet hour,  
Gives ear to the sacred music,  
Rejoicing in its power.  
It brings to his mind the Virgin  
And the Blessed Babe she bare ;  
The thought is a benediction,  
That lifts his soul in prayer.

LATE AND ALONE.

I walk with wavering will  
Upon a windy hill ;  
Alone 'neath angry skies,  
Where threatening clouds uprise ;  
While creep along the vale  
Dull shadows, weird and pale.

The branches of bare trees  
Are bending in the breeze ;  
The distant grove of pine,  
Sends forth a piteous whine ;  
While dead, beneath my feet,  
Are flowers and grasses sweet.

Night comes and winter cold ;  
The bleakness I behold ;  
Of singing youth bereft ;  
No pleasant visions left,  
I walk 'mid sigh and moan,  
Late, late, and all alone.

## ECHOES FROM ERIN.

### BESIDE THE RIVER LEE.

O, the light of morn is breaking  
Over Erin's heathery hills,  
While from field and fell and mountain  
Gush a thousand shining rills.  
And I hear the bells outringing,—  
'Tis a sound of joy to me,  
And it fills my heart with music  
As I walk along the Lee.

O, the dew upon the shamrock  
Mirrors Erin's hopes and fears ;  
Through the lonely hours of darkness  
Falling moist, like dripping tears ;  
But against the rising sunshine  
How it flashes bright and free !  
'Tis a type of Erin's glory  
As I walk along the Lee.

With a smile of cheer the farmer  
Goes to meet his morning toil ;  
For no more he fears the landlord,  
As the plow-share turns the soil ;  
Proud he goes in holy freedom ;  
There's no happier man than he ;  
I can hear his far-off singing  
As I walk along the Lee.

And the children on the hill-side  
Round the cottage run and play ;  
E'en the birds among the hedges  
Are no blither now than they ;

And my bosom swells to see them  
And to join them in their glee;  
But 'tis only in my dreaming  
That I walk along the Lee.

Only dreaming, Erin, dreaming  
Of thy glory evermore;  
For as yet the day of honor  
Is but dawning on thy shore;  
But there's radiance on the hill-tops,  
And it runs from sea to sea;  
And with hope thy heart is shining  
Like the dew's along the Lee.

**"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."**

O, ye loyal sons of Erin  
Your land will soon be free;  
Whatever skies above you rise  
Shall ring with jubilee;  
For every manly heart will hail  
The news with glad refrain—  
As Davis prayed—our country made  
"A nation once again."

O, send home the friendly god-speed  
To Erin's gallant band,  
The men who long have fought the wrong,  
And wrought for mother land.  
Since England speaks for justice  
The shores of France and Spain  
Are ringing out the joyful shout,  
"A nation once again."

So New Zealand and Australia  
Their powerful words unite  
With far away America  
In one loud song for right;  
And back to holy Erin  
We send the mighty strain,  
"The righteous hand has made our land  
A nation once again."

## GRANA WEAL.

This ancient Gaelic name, rendered in English by "Grace O'Malley," has long been used as a title for Ireland.

O, Grana Weal, my shining queen,  
Thy hour of grief is o'er;  
And in the morning's light serene  
Thy brow is raised once more.  
New radiance in thine eye appears,  
Thy fondness to reveal,—  
That eye so long bedimmed with tears,  
My gracious Grana Weal.

O, Grana Weal, how fair thou art !  
How far thy beauties shine !  
Thy peerless glory lifts the heart  
Like draughts of richest wine.  
To song divine thou givest voice  
Our ancient woes to heal ;  
Ah ! how thy listening sons rejoice  
To hear thee, Grana Weal !

I see the sun-light on thy face,  
And on thy yellow hair ;  
Though bowed so long in dark disgrace  
Thou risest wondrous fair !  
What tongue can tell thy gladness now,  
Or chant the joy we feel  
To see the glory on thy brow,  
Our royal Grana Weal ?

Ah me ! how deep the sorrow of  
Thy valiant sons hath been !  
How high and holy was the love  
They bore for thee, my queen !  
They suffered cruel taunt and scorn  
Through days of blood and steel ;  
But all's forgot this blessed morn  
Immortal Grana Weal !

The sacred love of motherland  
Ennobles every heart ;  
We take the foeman by the hand,  
And bid old feuds depart.  
Our faith to God and righteous law  
We'll keep with holy zeal ;  
For earth no truer faith e'er saw  
Than thine, my Grana Weal.

## COLLEGE GREEN.

Arise, O Mother Erin,  
Thy night of woe is o'er ;  
Behold ! the dawn is breaking  
In joy upon thy shore.  
Arise in all thy splendor,  
And shine again a queen ;  
The sacred lamp of wisdom  
Returns to College Green.

Once more the harp of Tara  
Shall wake to notes of worth ;  
Thy name shall ring, O Erin,  
Throughout the bounds of earth.  
On every hill thy sunburst  
In glory shall be seen,  
While comes from every nation  
A cheer for College Green.

O, gallantly and keenly  
Thy sons have held the fray,  
And high their hearts are beating  
To see thy smile today ;  
Thy glory is their triumph,  
The glory of their queen ;  
Thy pride are they, my Erin,  
Thy guard in College Green.

Sing out, ye sons of Erin !  
Let songs of joy resound !  
Nor shall a voice of wailing



In all the land be found ;  
Be Erin's sons united  
In bonds of love serene,  
While shines for home and freedom  
The light of College Green.

#### THE LITTLE DARK ROSE.

Roisin Dubh, or little dark rose, is one of the ancient poetic names of Ireland.

Raise the song of joy again,  
Let it sound from glen to glen,  
While the mountains send their echoes back from shore to  
shore ;  
From an age-long bondage free,  
Let the people shout in glee,  
For the little rose of Erin is in bloom once more.

There is now no sorrow seen  
Where the fields are fair and green,  
And there's gladness in the valley where the shamrock  
grows ;  
Song and music mingle sweet  
With the flash of dancing feet,  
While we cherish in our heart of hearts our sweet dark  
rose.

We forget the age of wrong  
In the burden of our song ;  
And from Baltimore to Rathlin Isle the new light glows ;  
From the lands beyond the sea  
Come the greetings of the free,  
And their cheers to hail the blooming of our own dark  
rose.

Dear old motherland, thy name  
Shall be blazoned forth in fame,  
And the story of thy glory ring in rhyme and prose ;  
While we walk with forehead high  
'Neath thy sun-burst in the sky,  
All the world shall hail the rising of our small dark rose.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

Come in, alanna, and sit by the fire ;  
'Tis cold outside, and the night is drear ;  
You're welcome here as the heart's desire,  
For you never came but with looks of cheer.

And cheer I need ; for I'm long forlorn ;  
Since Michael left me, 'tis seven dark years ;  
But this blessed night when our Lord was born  
May bring an end to my griefs and fears.

Ah ! yes, 'tis true, there's a plate at his place ;  
When I set the table on Christmas eve  
I always expect to behold his face  
And his happy greeting again receive.

Mavrone, mavrone, 'tis a long, long day,  
A day of heart-ache and loneliness,  
Since from old Erin he went away,  
My baby Michael, my heart's distress.

For he was the youngest of six, and came  
Like an angel of grace when the father died ;  
The care of the child was a warming flame ;  
And his strong youth lifted my soul with pride.

The other five are scattered abroad  
Through the world's wide bounds ; but my youngest  
son,  
My Michael,—I hoped 'twas the will of God  
To leave him with me till my life was done.

You knew him well, and he often gazed  
In your deep blue eyes with a look of love,—  
Ah ! Mary, how often I heard you praised  
As a man might praise the angels above !

And surely the hope was bright in my heart,  
That you'd be his bride and a daughter of mine ;  
But forced by the roving will to part,  
He left me here to mourn and pine.

Yet I can't give over the notion I have  
That on Christmas eve he'll come back again ;  
Sure, he said when he went that only the grave  
Could keep his feet from his native plain.

Hark ! didn't you hear a sound outside ?  
Like a step of a man in the field, coming through ?  
Sure, Mary, the door is opened wide !  
'Tis himself ! "O mother !" Ah ! Michael, 'tis you.

#### THE BLACK-BIRD'S SONG.

O Dermot dear, a glad new year  
For Ireland has begun,  
The dew-drop on the shamrock green  
Is shining to the sun.  
The black-bird sings again, and brings  
True joy to all who hear ;  
Come back, come back to motherland  
And greet her glad new year.

Ah, Dermot, long the age of wrong  
Has kept thee from thine own ;  
Thy soul in patient sorrowing  
Has wept, and wept alone ;  
But God is good ! His power has stood  
With men of holy will ;  
And now our dark rose smiles again  
From every vale and hill.

O pure and bright in freedom's light  
Is Erin's form serene ;  
The sun-burst breaking o'er her hills  
Adorns our island queen.  
With tearless eyes her sons arise,  
And loud their voices ring :—  
O child of Erin, hasten home  
And hear the black-bird sing.

## THE PARLIAMENT IN DUBLIN.

Come back to your mother, my Seumas,  
Come back o'er the ocean to me ;  
The bonds of the slave have been broken,  
And the fields of our country are free.  
O, the people of Erin are singing  
As happy as larks in the nest ;  
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin,  
They lift up their heads with the best.

No longer the hand of the traitor  
Brings sorrow and shame to our door ;  
We fear not the frown of the land-lord,  
And the power of the proctor is o'er ;  
O, we fear not the frown of the land-lord,  
For the acres we till are our own ;  
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin,  
We're proud as the King on his throne.

O, Seumas, the sorrows of Erin  
Are vanished like dreams of the night ;  
The hills and the valleys are shining  
With love and with laughter and light.  
We sing of the glories of Erin,  
New-risen from gloom to the dawn ;  
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin  
The hour of her weeping is gone.

Then, Seumas, come back to your mother,  
Come back o'er the ocean again ;  
There are voices of pleasure to greet you  
With welcomes from mountain and glen.  
Too long in the world you have wandered,  
A stranger with strangers to roam ;  
With a Parliament sitting in Dublin  
Rich blessings await you at home.

## ERIN GO BRAGH.

Swift from the East comes the light of the morning ;  
In purple and gold, how it springs from the sea !

And piercing the gloom of oppression and scorning,  
Throws rainbow-like radiance, loved Erin, o'er thee.  
Bright grows the blue of the high dome above thee ;  
Fled are the foes who brought sorrows to prove thee ;  
While to thy shores throng the children who love thee,  
And sing thy glad anthem, O Erin go bragh.

Long years of grief kept thy strong bosom aching ;  
Long in thy woe hast thou watched for the dawn ;  
The flash of the storm oft resembled its breaking,  
But deepened the darkness till hope seemed withdrawn.  
Never again will the false lights betray thee ;  
Rise, Erin, rise, in thy glories array thee ;  
True are thy sons, and their faith will repay thee  
For all thy long bondage, O Erin go bragh.

Strike the glad harp ; let the low note of sorrow  
Be heard in thy mountains and valleys no more ;  
Turn, turn in thy joy to the light of the morrow,  
When justice and honor shall reign on thy shore.  
Hark to the sounds that arise from each dwelling !  
Music and song from glad bosoms are swelling,  
The peace and the grandeur thus proudly foretelling  
That wait on thy waking, O Erin go bragh.

#### IRELAND'S SONG OF CHEER.

O, Erin, mother Erin,  
Thy hour of joy is near ;  
Put on thy richest raiment,  
And show a heart of cheer :  
Show all the world the glory  
That shines upon thy shore ;  
O mother dear, my Erin,  
Thy age of woe is o'er.

Now let a joyful music  
Bring in the dawning day ;  
Give o'er thy weary wailing,  
The tear-drops dash away :

Thy friends are brave and powerful  
 Thy foes too weak to fear ;  
 O, Erin, mother Erin,  
 Thy jubilee is near.

O, Erin, holy Erin,  
 The hand of tyrant wrong  
 With cruel power has crushed thee,  
 And held thee down too long.  
 In pride thy sons now hail thee  
 And chase away thy fear ;  
 Raise up thy sacred standard,  
 And shout a song of cheer.

Raise high thy shining sunburst,  
 O'er mountain, hill and plain ;  
 A place among the nations  
 Shall be for thee again ;  
 The story of thy glory  
 Shall sound from shore to shore,  
 O, heart of mine, my Erin,  
 Thy head shall bow no more.

THE BEAUTY OF ERIN.

O, the dew that falls in Erin  
 Is a blessing to my eyes ;  
 'Tis a sweeter sight in Erin  
 Than the dew of alien skies.  
 And the stars that shine on Erin  
 Have no fairer fields in view ;  
 O, I long to see that starlight  
 And the sheen of Erin's dew.

O, the dark-green hills of Erin,  
 That my sires have trod of yore,  
 How they smile to greet the freedom  
 That is coming back once more.  
 How the waters of her valleys  
 Throw their splendor to the skies !

While each heart in happy Erin  
Sings aloud in glad surprise.

O, the songs of happy Erin  
Are no longer songs of woe ;  
See ! her face is turning sunward,  
And her eyes are all aglow ;  
For her night of woe is over,  
And her day of triumph near :  
Mellow tones of holy music  
Fall with greetings on her ear.

O, my motherland, my Erin,  
Thou wert charming in thy grief ;  
Passing sweet in thy despairing,  
Like a rose with drooping leaf ;  
But with joy upon thy forehead,  
And the sunlight on thy hair,  
None can vie with thee in glory,  
Or in beauty can compare.

**WHERE THE HILLS OF KERRY RISE.**

All my dreaming is in Erin,  
Where the winter clouds are clearing ;  
There the throstle's note is ringing  
And the lark is in the skies ;  
And my heart would fain be going  
Where the silver Flesk is flowing,  
I would see the fresh green springing  
Where the hills of Kerry rise.

Oh, the gloom is disappearing  
From the holy vales of Erin,  
And no more the tears of sorrow  
Quench the love light of her eyes ;  
Out of fairy Innisfallen  
To my soul a voice is calling,  
While the lakes new beauties borrow  
Where the hills of Kerry rise.

From the fields and mountain passes  
 Hie the happy lads and lasses,  
 And to hail the coming splendor  
 Send aloft their cheering cries;  
 Proud of Ireland's ancient story,  
 Heartened by her rising glory,  
 Oh, the love is true and tender  
 Where the hills of Kerry rise.

I behold my land awaking  
 With the dawn about her breaking,  
 With the light of faith above her  
 And the rapture in her eyes;  
 So my heart would fain be going  
 Where the silver Flesk is flowing;  
 For the hours of grief are over  
 Where the hills of Kerry rise.

#### A THIR MO CHROIDHE.\*

Across the sky is the swift rack flying,  
 Low in the west is the dying moon,  
 Through gusty three-tops the winds are sighing,—  
 The night of grief will be ended soon.

The long, long night and the weary waiting!  
 The woe and weeping of lonesome hours!  
 The fear of friends and the foeman's hating!  
 At last, thank God, there's a smell of flowers.

On far-flung meadows the dews are lying,  
 There's a touch of dawn on the distant sea;  
 We'll hear no longer thy children crying;  
 The morn is waking, a thir mo chroidhe.

The morn is waking and all the glory  
 That shone around thee in days of yore  
 Shall lift thy soul; and thy tearful story  
 Be hushed in silence forevermore.

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\* Pronounced A heer ma chree: O, land of my heart,



## SONGS IN SAPPHICS.

### I.—THE JOY OF LOVE.

Now the days grow long, and the sun returning  
Makes the green hills glow in a wealth of splendor,  
And the wild birds, loud in the quickening radiance  
Carol their love-songs.

Over banks grown white with the beds of bluets,  
Where the stream comes down from the mountain singing,  
There the young lambs play on the tender grasses,  
Glad in the spring-time.

O, the sweet morn calls to the heart in rapture,  
And invites young love to enjoy the sweetness ;  
While the warm sun reigns let a rule of pleasure  
Reign with us likewise.

Let our souls outsing in the joy of loving,  
As the wild thrush sings in the greening coppice ;  
Days of care come soon ; but the light shall lead us  
While it is May-time.

Days of care come soon ; but the songs of morning  
Bring their bright joys home to illumine the bosom,  
And as warm days wane in the chill of winter  
Thrill on the heart-strings.

### II.—THE STRENGTH OF LOVE.

Lo, the rain comes down and the stream is roaring  
By the dark wood-side, and the kine for shelter  
Seek the wide-limbed oak, where they crowd together  
Fearing the storm-clouds.

Though the winds blow loud and the rain is falling,  
Though the flowers lie dead in the damp meadows,  
Bright our love shall be, and no fear shall ever  
Darken our windows.

And if care shall come, with the tear of sorrow,—  
And it comes too soon, like the rains of autumn,—  
With a high-born hope, we shall meet it bravely,  
Singing our love-songs.

We have sung glad songs from the early morning,  
We have walked fair paths in the summer weather,  
While the brown leaves fall we are singing, singing,  
Journeying downward.

### III.—THE DREAMS OF LOVE.

There's a fair green hill by the silent river,  
Where in days gone by we have walked together,  
Shaping love's bright dreams, that have never faded  
Out of our bosom.

There's a cool dark grove on a lonely hill-side,  
Where the wood thrush sang in the pleasant summer,  
And where joy sang back from our hearts as echoes,  
Happy with love-light.

There's a deep blue lake in a shady hollow ;  
Oft at eve we stood on the shore in silence,  
And our love shone white as the water lilies,—  
Purer in sweetness.

O, my love, my own, though our day is waning,  
And the time flows fast as the night approacheth,  
Yet we fear no ills; for the light of morning  
Shineth around us.

O, we fear no ills, for the thrush is singing,  
And a green path leads through the field forever ;  
Still the blue lake smiles, and the water lilies  
Gladden its features.

But the light shines fair on our happy journey ;  
In our hearts no storm has a shade of sorrow ;  
For our souls are one ; and the joy of loving  
Lives with us always.

#### IV.—THE BEAUTY OF LOVE.

All the west shines out in a radiant sunset ;  
'Tis a rose bower, rich with angelic roses ;  
And its red rays gleam on the east, the vapors  
Turning to pansies.

And with warm hands clasped, do we stand together  
On the fair wide field, where the flocks are feeding,  
And our souls look back on the crimson roses,  
Blooming at sun-rise.

O, a far, far time was that early morning,  
On the green hill slope and the crimson roses,  
And our hearts throbbed, full of the sacred splendor,  
Full of the sweetness.

But the showers came down, and our days were darkened  
With the clouds earth sent from her tearful hollows,  
Yet the rose light shone, of that early morning  
Bright on our dreaming.

And the rose light shines ; for our hearts are lifted  
By the strong high hope of a blest hereafter ;  
And our souls are bound in the sacramental  
Union of love-light.

#### V.—THE PERMANENCE OF LOVE.

When the round moon rose from the wooded mountain,  
And her calm face shone on the trembling river,  
You, with face all calm, but with heart atremble,  
Harked to my pleading.

O, that moon-light night, with the starry splendor,  
In my soul still lives, and the cooling breezes,  
On my brow I feel, as that night I felt them,  
Urging my love-suit.

Then my songs came, new from a throbbing bosom,  
From a soul bowed low under searching sorrow,  
From a heart all flame ; and thy spirit kindled  
Sweet to its ardor.

Then I sang, "Come, Love, where the flowers are growing;  
Come away, where birds in the groves are singing ;  
Let us lift our souls to the joys that heaven  
Builds in our love-light."

And the flowers grew sweet where our feet have wandered,  
And the birds gave song as we walked together ;  
Still the love-light shines from the glowing azure  
Over our path-way.

#### VI.—THE MUSIC OF LOVE.

Now the full moon breaks from the wooded hill-top,  
And the white star shines on the brow of evening ;  
But the North breathes cold, and the frozen river  
Slumbers in silence.

Ah ! the North breathes cold ; but the stars in glory,  
From the deep skies gaze on our lighted pathway,  
And our hearts beat warm as we walk together  
Into the valley.

Love is always young, and the songs he taught us  
When the May moon shone, are as sweet as ever ;  
Still they fill our ears with their pleasant music,  
Sweeter than bird-notes.

Though the trees are bare and the choirs have left them  
That at noonday poured on the air their chorus,  
In our souls ring tones of a heavenly music,  
Sweet as in June-tide.

So the days may change, and the gloom of Winter,  
With the storm-clouds cold, o'er the hill-tops darken,  
Still our hearts beat time to our journey onward  
Singing our love-songs.

## VII.—THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE.

While we walk 'mid flowers when the birds are singing,  
O'er the green grass-path by the shining river,  
Then the thought oft comes that the hours are fleeting  
Fast toward Winter.

When the wind blows cold and the surly tempest  
Sifts the hard snow down over hill and valley,  
Even then comes hope to the cheerful bosom  
Dreaming of June-time.

So when love-light shines, and the heart is ringing  
With the wild free songs of a present pleasure,  
Like a death-knell oft is a note of sorrow  
Borne to the bosom.

And as oft, when bowed in a cloud of anguish  
Lies the soul, strange tones, as of heavenly music,  
Lift the heart from gloom, and the cloud departing,  
Raise it in rapture.

Whence the dark thought, whence, in the hour of pleasure?  
Whence the swift wild joy that uplifts the tearful?  
There's a Guide whose hand is upon the spirit,  
Leading her homeward.









